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The Northwest



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In this issue:

Mountain Climbing in the Pacific Northwest.
In the Big Bend Country, Washington.
The Burning of Moscow.
Bohemian Life at Camp Eloika.

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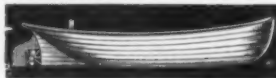
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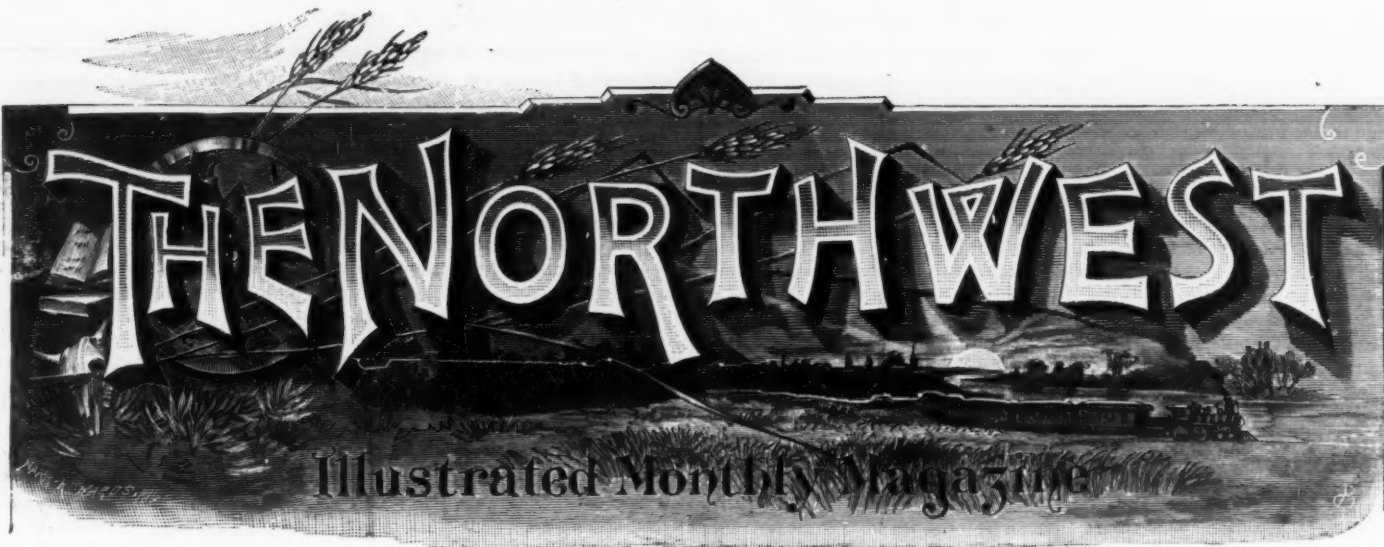
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VOL. XV.—No. 11.

ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1897.

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MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

By W. D. LYMAN.

We have the word of the weighty and self-satisfied Constable Dogberry that "comparisons are odorous."

Howsoever that may be as a general principle, it is undoubtedly true that comparison is man's chief means of acquiring and expressing knowledge. Especially is this true in regard to the physical world. We shall therefore be obliged to run the risk of offending the doughty constable in the following pages. We shall have to make a comparison, in the first place, by the broad assertion that the scenery and general physical features of the Pacific Coast surpass in variety, grandeur, and general interest, those of any other part of the Union. From the scorching sands of Death Valley, a hundred feet below ocean-level, to the glaciated crest of Mt. Whitney, fifteen thousand feet above the sea; from the lava-burned desolation and blazing sunlight of Southern Idaho, with its perpetual thunder of the great Shoshone, to the boreal mists out of which wiled old Alaska looks with her gold-fields and her glaciers; from the geysers of the Yellowstone to the foam-ribbed cliffs of the Columbia; from the granite ramparts of the Yosemite to the thousand islands of the San Juan Archipelago; from the mile-deep canyon of the Colorado to the girdles of ice and fire with which the Aleutian Peninsula clasps Behring Sea; from the oak-crowned hills and vales of the Willamette to the hues of crimson, saffron and amethyst with which ages of sunshine have painted the walls of Lake Chelan; from East to West, from North to South, the region between the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean may justly be styled the wonderland of America and, indeed, of the world. Nevertheless, it is true that the people of this land of marvels have not generally appreciated the beauty and the richness of their natural surroundings. The so-called "practical side" has blinded the vast majority to the contemplation of the nobler lessons and the higher uses of nature. But there have been a few of the busy pioneers of the Pacific slope who have

not been content to view the rich bounty of nature solely as a means of money-making. The influence of such men as Le Conte and Muir in California and Condon in Oregon has been awakening mind after mind among the young people of the Coast to a joy in nature beyond the prevailing sordidness, and as a result there have been formed various organizations for the purpose of unfolding the truth and nobility of our physical environment. The Sierra Club of California was the first of these to take a permanent character. Many years ago the lovers of nature in Oregon formed a similar club,

known as the Alpine Club. This, for various reasons, was short-lived. It had, however, set a pattern which was followed by a worthy successor.

On the 19th of July, 1894, the Mazama Club had its birth. It was a wild birthplace, being no less a place than the summit of Mt. Hood. About two hundred persons, a goodly number of women among them, had made the climb at that time, and the majority of them joined the club as charter members. Conspicuous from all parts of the settled portion of Oregon; peculiarly glorious even among its sublime competitors, as they rise before the traveler at his entrance to the Columbia River; introduced beyond all the other great peaks to the attention of the East by the paintings of Bierstadt, Hill, and other great artists; apostrophized in ringing verse by Joaquin Miller and other poets of the Pacific Coast, Mt. Hood was pre-eminently the great historic mountain of old times in Oregon. Its bold, pyramidal outline and a peculiar glitter of snowy brightness exaggerated its apparent elevation and gave, moreover, a singularly definite and individual impression to it.



MT. RAINIER FROM THE SOUTH—GIBRALTAR ROCK ON THE RIGHT.
Co. A of the Mazama Club on its way up the mountain.

It formed the background of every picture of Oregon scenery, as well as of every native Oregonian's memory. It became as characteristic of Oregon as Fuji-san, the sacred mountain, is of Japan. Shasta was supposed to be the only peak that could be for a moment compared to it. Nothing worked up an old Oregonian more than the suggestion that perhaps Shasta might, after all, be the higher. As for the great peaks of the uninhabited Territory of Washington, they were seen only by the loggers in the Puget Sound wilderness or by sailors of the occasional lumber-ships that penetrated their interlocking bays; and these men had not gone to the wilderness to look at scenery. So Mt. Rainier cast his gigantic shadow unheeded, and Mt. Adams loomed in sullen majesty across the bunch-grass hills of the Inland Empire. Both waited for the recognition that could come only with the eyes and the words of another generation of sight-seers. When the more exact measurements of Mt. Hood, in the latter part of the

ing the same; the encouragement of annual expeditions with the above objects in view; the preservation of the forests and other features of mountain scenery as far as possible in their natural beauty; and the dissemination of knowledge concerning the beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery of the Pacific Northwest." The headquarters of the club is at Portland, and the majority of the members live there. To be eligible to membership, one must have climbed an acceptable snow-peak. The club publishes scientific and descriptive matter of interest in regard to its expeditions and other enterprises, and thus fulfills its mission of awakening the public mind to the surpassing interest of the natural objects with which we of the Pacific Northwest are surrounded. It has attractive rooms and a considerable collection of photographs and printed matter, as well as of botanical and geological specimens. It is coming into correspondence with various geographical and scientific societies throughout

mit, though very steep, is a short and fairly safe ascent.

Now, to the traveler up this precipitous northern slope of Hood, as he pauses for the frequent gasp and rest, there is no object so conspicuous as the giant bulk of Mt. Adams, seventy miles north; so, one of the first results of the exploration of Hood by the Mazamas was to turn longing eyes toward Adams. This feeling was urged on by the claim made by certain explorers that Adams was really the higher. Though this claim was repudiated by most of the society as a profanation, yet it whetted the desire of all to have the question settled. As a matter of fact, Adams had never been accurately measured except by a party of Northern Pacific Railroad engineers, and their figures had not become generally known. The elevations in the geographies were mere guess-work. Mt. Adams, moreover, does not appear to advantage from Portland or from any of the Sound cities, being far distant and hidden by



HEAD OF KLICKITAT GLACIER, MOUNT ADAMS.

This glacier is about a mile wide and probably four or five miles long.

sixties, revealed the fact that the dear old mountain was not so near heaven by over six thousand feet as its devotees had supposed—being only 11,225 feet high, the tidings were a great shock to the faithful worshipers, and some steadfastly refused to believe it. It was not till a long time after that it was found that Adams overtopped Hood by a thousand feet and more, and that Mt. Rainier was two thousand feet higher than Mt. Adams. But, though Old Hood has thus been compelled to take third place in the list of our great heights, it was fitting that its historic summit should be the scene of the formation of the most ambitious, and to all appearances the most enduring, of the mountain clubs of the country.

The musical name of the Mazama Club is derived from the Spanish word for "wild goat." The aims of the club, as set forth in the constitution afterwards framed, are: "The exploration of snow-peaks and other mountains, especially of the Pacific Northwest; the collection of scientific knowledge and other data concern-

ing the country, and through the road thus opened it is plainly destined to become the repository of knowledge and to oversee the gathering of museums throughout the region accessible to it.

With this introductory glance at the Mazama Club and this prognostication of the useful life before it, let us glance at the expeditions of 1895-96, reserving our chief attention for the most remarkable of all, that of 1897.

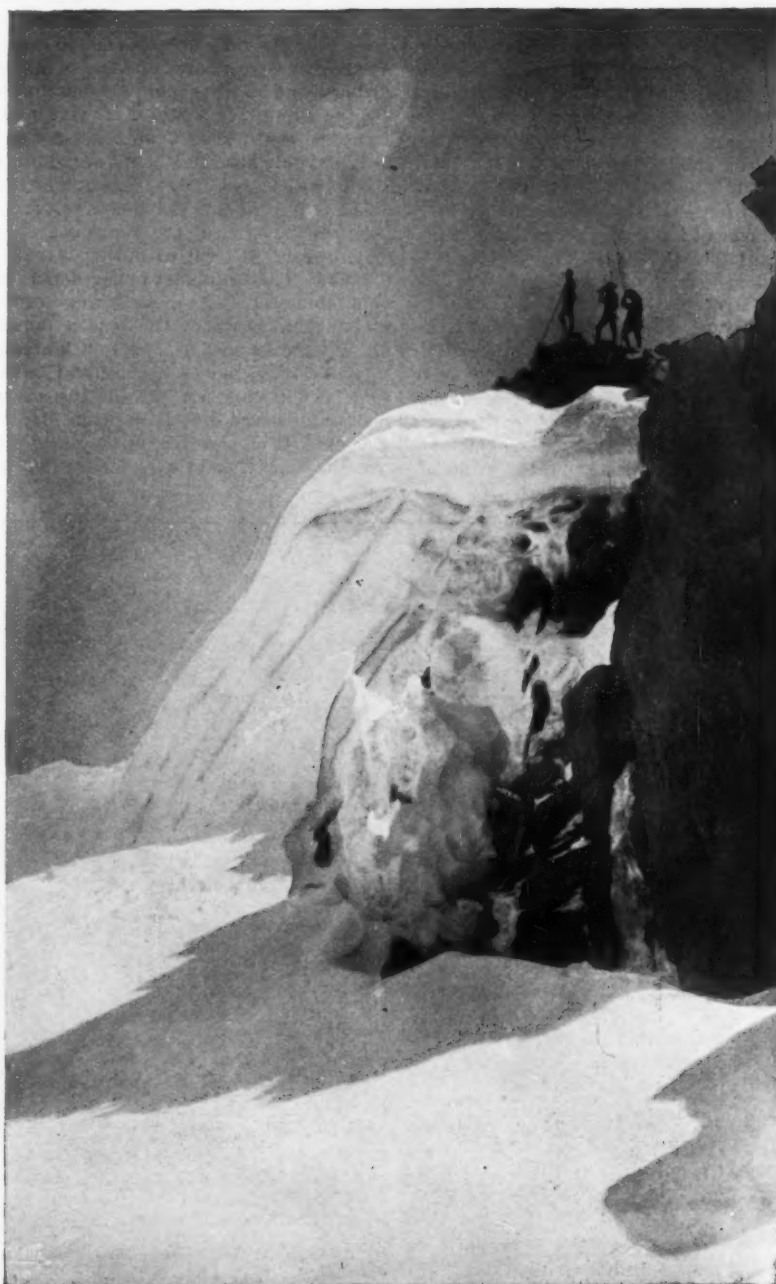
Much as grand old Hood had been known and idealized before it became the scene of the organization of the society, it was much better known thereafter. Moreover, the explorations resulting led to the now most usual route up the north side. This route has the advantage of being very accessible. The traveler can leave the Columbia River, with its ample railway and steamboat accommodations, at Hood River, and a delightful and easy stage-ride of twenty-three miles takes him to the picturesque Cloud-Cap Inn, seven thousand feet high, at the foot of the Elliot Glacier. From there to the sum-

lofty intervening peaks. It is pre-eminently the great mountain of Eastern Washington, being somewhat east of the main chain of the Cascades. It can be seen in all its vastness from Yakima and other points on the Northern Pacific line in Eastern Washington. But these places were not until recently largely settled or described; as a consequence, the ancient antagonist of Hood had been neglected out of proportion to his merits, and would probably have continued so had not the Mazama Club determined to investigate it. The tenth of July, 1895, was set for the climb. To lend special interest to the occasion, parties with heliographing apparatus were organized to climb other great peaks, by means of which communication might be carried on from peak to peak along the crest of the great range from the borders of British Columbia to the heights of Shasta. Indeed, the conception embraced at first the picturesque design of carrying the flash of the stolen sunbeams from pinnacle to pinnacle along the Sierras clear to the boundaries of Mexico.

That plan proved impracticable, but arrangements were made to ascend Baker and Rainier in Washington; Hood, Jefferson and Diamond Peak in Oregon, and Shasta in California. The heliographing scheme was adopted in pursuance of the general design of the Mazamas to have some special scientific feature connected with each expedition.

It was a varied and interesting company of about eighty persons, nearly a third of whom were women and girls, that gathered in the edge of the battle-line betwixt forest and ice-falls during the day or two preceding the appointed time. Many of the most famous of the high climbers of the two States of Oregon and Washington were there, together with several artists, various newspaper correspondents, and others who had never yet set foot on summer snow. The majority of the company were from Portland, eighty miles distant by river or rail, and forty by stage.

As the company drew near the mountain from the river, going directly northward, it became evident even to the skeptics, that, whether Adams were higher or not, he was vastly larger than his rival. From Trout Lake, sixteen miles away, the stupendous mass of rock and ice dominated the landscape with regal grandeur. Lacking the pyramidal symmetry and airy grace of Hood, Adams perhaps more than makes up for the deficiency by the rugged massiveness and majesty of his appearance. As a matter of fact, Adams has four peaks, perhaps a half-mile or a mile from one another. But three of these peaks can be seen from any one point. The central, a perfectly white dome, rises in unsullied purity about six hundred feet above the rude, splintered crags about it. The region about the base of Adams is peculiarly charming. Lakes and trout-streams; parks and natural lawns; trees of such beauty and set with such orderly arrangement that it is difficult to resist the impression that they were planted by the hand of man; a profusion of beautiful flowers—and, most remarkable of all, a number of caves, some of them filled with ice, combine to make a landscape of such loveliness that naught need be added save the contrasted grandeur of the huge white mountain behind it. Another noticeable thing was the successive zones by which the travelers could pass in two days' time from the tropics to the pole. They needed no Stanley or Nansen to conduct them from equatorial heat to arctic cold. At White Salmon, on the Columbia, a hundred feet above sea-level, with a temperature of a hundred degrees, they had the tropics; at Trout Lake, the end of the first day's ride, two thousand feet above the sea, they found themselves practically a thousand or two thousand miles farther north. Beyond Trout Lake they passed through four successive zones. The first, of about six miles breadth,—the zone of the giant pine, the strawberry, and the large bunch-grass,—rises at a moderate slope, so that a carriage-road could be easily made through the lovely parks, and lifts the climber to an elevation of four thousand feet. And now at a steeper slope, the natural slope of the stiffening lava of which the peak was created, we pass through the belt of larch and quaking aspen, huckleberry and rhododendron, and at its upper edge, seven thousand feet high, we see the first snow-banks of July thrusting their fingers down into the alpine glades, there to be transformed into pellucid pools or foaming brooks, that go splashing away amid the groves of sub-alpine fir and the broad banks of phlox and mimulus, through which the black and white ptarmigan makes its way, so tame that few travelers would be so cruel as to harm it. Through these two zones anyone who desires can ride; but now we have reached the latitude



MT. RAINIER—ON THE ICE-CLIFFS BELOW CAMP MUIR.
Camp Muir, where the Mazamas' first day's climb ended, was 10,000 feet above the sea.

of Greenland, with only a two months' spring and no summer; and the mountain, rising ever steeper, defies any more horse-trail, and, aside from the birds that sail through the dazzling but chilly air, and the grasshoppers and butterflies that keep flitting or hopping ever upward till they die, there is no animal life except wild goats and their human compeers. This is the zone of the avalanche and the glacier. A few contorted mountain pine may be found even at the upper edge of this wintry belt, lying almost flat, just as the fierce blasts of the west have forced them, growing so slowly that trees a hundred years old may be only twelve feet high.

Now for the last zone, the polar. Beginning at about ten thousand feet high, with no more trace of animal or vegetable life and at an angle of forty to sixty degrees over crusted and hummocky snow, the wind almost lifting the ambitious climber off his feet, he toils upward, gasping for breath, with hands and feet aided by alpenstock, until at last—usually seven to ten

hours after leaving camp at the snow-line—he drops, half-dead with fatigue, yet proud and happy, on the wind-swept dome 12,401 feet above the ocean; for that figure, obtained by the near agreement of three methods of measurement,—the mercurial and aneroid barometers and the boiling-water,—was established as the true height of Mt. Adams. The heliographing experiment, for which so much effort had been made and from which so much had been anticipated, was sadly marred by an untoward state of the weather. During the two days preceding the appointed climb, while the party was assembling at the snow-line camp, full of joyful expectations of clear weather, an ill-omened east wind, such as sometimes rises to dash the farmers' hopes with withered wheat-fields, had swept across the plains to the eastward, gathering rage and dust as it went, until, when the bugle roused the sleepers at three o'clock on the morning of the tenth, there was almost a tornado raging, and the vast expanse over which it was planned to flash the

sunshine was a dull and dreary blotch. Only from the sharp point of Hood did there come an answering signal, and, even as it was flashed across, the light went out and the experiment was closed. But, though thus a partial failure, enough was secured to prove the practicability of heliographing on a great scale.

Thus much of a scientific character was accomplished by the journey of 1895. Time did not allow of much study of the glaciers. It is known, however, that Adams has eight or nine glaciers. Some of these are of prodigious mass, though short. In this respect neither the glaciers of Adams nor of any of our great mountains are of the typical alpine form, because of the comparative lowness of the land about the peaks, from which the glaciers reach the melting place at but a short distance from their birthplace. Thus the Mazama glacier of Adams is as broad as it is long, being nearly three miles each way. The great Klickitat glacier is one of the sublimest objects that the world af-

summit, in the face of a tempest which made footing at times almost impossible. But it was a foolhardy performance, hardly short of "tempting Providence." No one should try it. At another time a party of four, of which the author was one, was caught a thousand feet below the summit in a storm of wind and sleet and snow so thick that we could not see fifty feet, and only after five hours of painful struggle did we succeed in fighting our way to camp.

The trip to Adams did much to develop interest in the work of the Mazama Club, and a more distant and varied outing was designed for 1896. This consisted of the double project of climbing Mt. Pitt and exploring Crater Lake in Southern Oregon. Of Oregon mountains, Mt. Pitt ranks next to Hood in height; though, by reason of its more southern location and less snowfall, it does not present the amount of matter for study, especially in the direction of glaciers. It is, however, unsurpassed for picturesque beauty, and the region visible from it

cated cone about six miles by eight in extent at the top.

The interesting question arises, how was this vast quantity of matter removed? Major C. E. Dutton, U. S. A., believes that the process was similar to that of Kilauea in the Hawaii Island, due to the emptying out of the material in a molten state through some outlet at a lower level. This emptying process having cut down the upper half of the cone, left an enormous pit in the very heart of the mountain. Having become closed in time, the pit gradually became filled with the water from the broken rim of the crater. This is now Crater Lake. Aside from its wonderful history, which seems to be corroborated by the entire topography of the surrounding heights and streams, this lake is marvelous for the beauty of color revealed in its almost perpendicular walls of one thousand to two thousand feet height; for the transparent clearness and vivid tints of its deep-lying and almost unruffled waters; and for its depth,—



CRATER LAKE, IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

On the very crest of the Cascade Mountains, this lake has an altitude of about 8,000 feet and is said to be the third deepest fresh-water lake in the world.

fords. About a mile wide and probably four or five miles long, with a gashed and tortured surface into the crevasses of which whole cities might be dropped, it lies a thousand feet deep between perpendicular crags, while behind it towers the fearful wall of the eastern side of the mountain—a wall nearly perpendicular, a mile high, black and red and yellow in hue, zigzagged across with the gleaming white couloirs which form the head tributaries of the great river of ice. No language can describe the savage grandeur, the overpowering immensity, of this scene. The sketch gives but a faint impression of it. Even a painting could catch but part of the intense coloring, nor could it command sufficient perspective to convey the full impression of the vastness of the scale on which the scene is cast. Adams, like all our great peaks, is subject to sudden and tremendous storms. One was raging when our photograph was taken, obscuring the great dome in the center. At such times no climber's life is safe. The writer went alone once to the

is the most bewildering maze of hill and valley, lake, river, and snowy mountains, in the whole collection of our mountains. Shasta is its next-door neighbor, just across the California line; while the entire Klamath Basin, with its multitude of lakes, as well as the famous lava-beds, of Modoc memory, form a conspicuous part of its panorama. As for Crater Lake, it is truly one of the world's wonders. It lies on the very crest of the Cascade Mountains, about seventy miles east of Jacksonville. Although the greater part of this range is volcanic, yet this portion in Southern Oregon—with Crater Lake, the lava-beds and Mt. Pitt as the radiating center—is par excellence the volcano region of the range. Crater Lake evidently occupies the crater of an immense extinct volcano, variously estimated at 14,000 to 20,000 feet high before the great cataclysm had let out half its contents and reduced it to its present height of about eight thousand feet. This height represents the average of the crater wall, and leaves the mountain in the form of a prodigious trun-

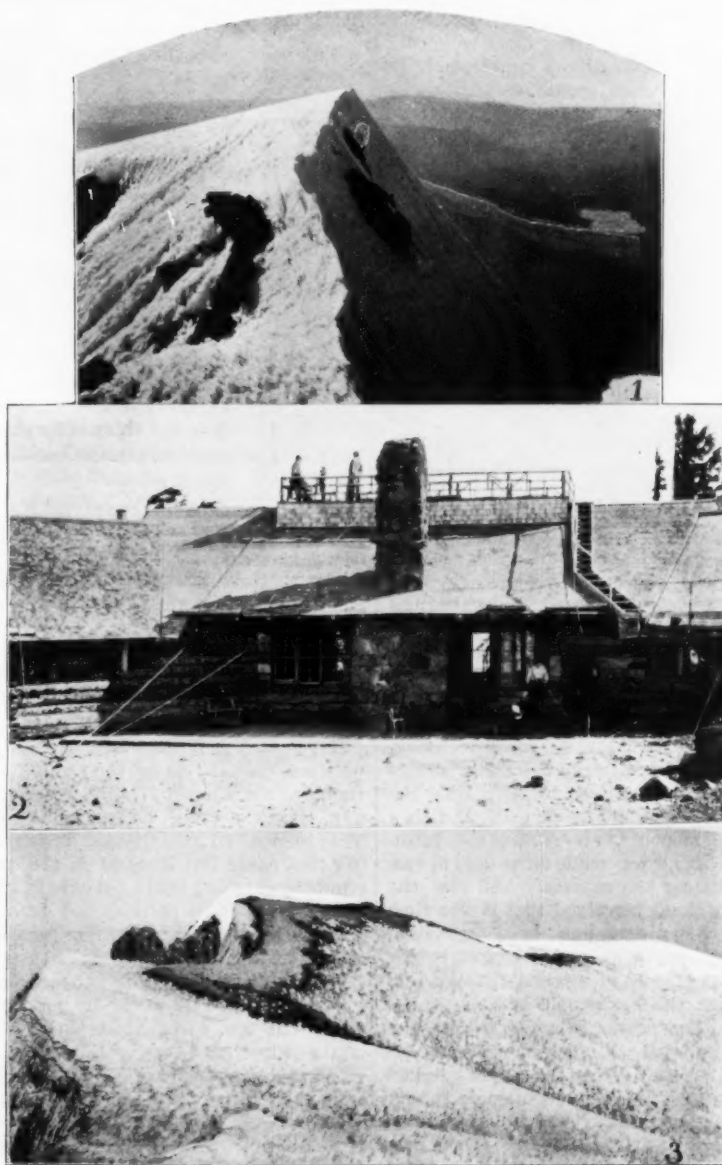
about two thousand feet in the deepest place yet sounded,—said to be deeper than any other fresh-water lake in the world except Lake Baikal in Siberia and Lake Chelan in Washington, the last named having just been sounded to 2,500 feet without finding bottom. Crater Lake has been thoroughly explored and mapped by a party of Government engineers, and the abbreviated illustrations of their work published by the Mazama Club are an excellent forerunner of what the club is going to do in the future.

Although, on account of the distance from Portland and the comparative expense of the trip, the outing of 1896 was not so largely attended as its predecessors, yet, those Mazamas that did go found themselves repaid a hundred-fold by the charm of the scenery, the excellence of the sporting and, above all, by the scientific matter acquired and published.

And now, with three successful outings and not a serious mishap in any of them, and with an increasing membership and an enlarging

constituency, the Mazama Club began to look for still greater worlds to conquer. The greatest and highest world within reach was the now acknowledged king of the mountains—Mt. Rainier, or Mt. Tacoma, and the outing planned for 1897 was destined to be the most memorable, both for success and disaster, in the annals of the club. It was discovered a good many years ago that the sublime mountain of the double name was by far the loftiest and grandest of our great North Pacific peaks—or, indeed, of all the peaks of the Union; for, though a trifle less in absolute height than Mt. Whitney and Mt. Williamson of the Sierras, its position at sea-level and its isolation from other great heights (the high Sierras form a long line of giant peaks scarcely distinguishable from one another) impart to it a sublimity entirely beyond rivalry by any other mountain in this country. In fact, several "globe-trotters" are on record as having asserted that no single peak in the world, of Alps or Andes or Himalayas, can be seen at such a point as to present more absolute height above the observer and to stand more unobscured by lesser peaks than does this mountain rising above the waters of Puget Sound near the city of Tacoma. Most of the great heights of the world are set as crests upon vast plateaus or are bunched together in such a way as to lose distinctive character. Not so with our "Monarch of Mountains." In majestic loneliness, with his forest-clad base planted upon the floor of the continent, he lifts his triple crown 14,500 feet into the heavens, his whole vast expanse, from purple base to glittering crest, distinct to the eye of the observer at ocean-level—only fifty miles away. Moreover, on account of the immense snow-fall, this mountain surpasses almost all other mountains of the temperate zone in the number and magnitude of its glaciers, waterfalls, and all the other treasures of the snow.

Although, as we have said, it had become generally known a good many years ago that Mt. Rainier was the highest of our mountains, there was little said of it and few attempts made to climb it until after the beginning of the new era of the Territory of Washington introduced by the founding of the city of Tacoma and the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad across the mountains. The tremendous impetus given to business by that event, and the great tourist travel attracted by the superb train service as well as by the natural wonders of the route, suddenly imparted to the people of the Sound the fact that they had in their great mountain one of the attractions of the world. Now, it must be acknowledged that there is rivalry between the two beautiful cities that divide the chief business of Puget Sound. That rivalry has been manifested in nearly every way that can be thought of, and, among other things, the name of the great mountain became a matter of difference. The difference has been mitigated by the flight of time and the broadening of interests and minds, but formerly it was about all a stranger's life was worth to say "Mt. Tacoma" in Seattle or "Mt. Rainier" in Tacoma. The origin of the names was as follows: Vancouver was the first of civilized men to name the various physical features of the Sound. In his great voyage of 1792, he threaded the devious waters of our north-west corner (being, happily, anticipated by the American Gray in his permanent claims, while in reality the Spaniards anticipated both in discovery) and established the nomenclature of the region. The names Puget, Whidby, St. Helens, Baker, Rainier and others were those of his officers or of English friends. Rainier was an admiral in the English navy, and Vancouver honored him by bestowing his name on the most magnificent object seen on that inland



1. SUMMIT OF MOUNT HOOD, LOOKING WEST, BULL RUN LAKE IN THE DISTANCE; 2. CLOUD-CAP INN, MOUNT HOOD, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 7,000 FEET; 3. SUMMIT OF MOUNT HOOD, LOOKING EAST.

Cloud-Cap Inn is at the foot of Elliot Glacier, 4,225 feet below Hood's summit.

sea, so full of magnificent objects that even the dogmatic and phlegmatic Vancouver melted at the contemplation of it and declared that it was impossible to imagine anything more beautiful. Thus "Rainier" became the official name of the peak, and, in accordance with the custom of civilized nations to accept names first imparted by a civilized explorer, the United States officially uses that name. So far, it would seem that the name of the forgotten admiral had the better right. But after the settlement of Tacoma, the name of which had long before been applied to a little settlement now known as Old Tacoma, it was published abroad that the name of Tacoma was the original Indian name of the mountain. It soon became the custom in Tacoma, as well as in railroad documents, to apply the aboriginal name to the mountain. Many people had the impression that this was an attempt to name the mountain from the city. This was a great mistake. On the contrary, the city was named from the mountain. The name is pronounced by the Indians "Tah-coma," or more frequently, "Tah-homa." The author has been assured by an intelligent Puyallup Indian that the word has been used from time immemorial and that it

means in their tongue "Great White Mountain," or simply "The Mountain," as the pre-eminent one, just as they call the Columbia River "The River." Probably all will admit that the name Tacoma is more mellifluous than Rainier.

It thus appears that there is in this case a good deal to be said on both sides. "Rainier" is officially more correct. "Tacoma" is more sonorous and, from the standpoint of the romantic side of our history, is altogether more fitting. The reader can take his choice. As for the writer, beauty and poetry are of more importance to him than official exactness, hence he prefers the high-sounding appellation of the Puyallups, although this magazine, to avoid confusion, feels constrained to give preference to the official name.

Like all our great peaks, Mt. Rainier is the subject of Indian legend and superstition. Few Indians can be found to ascend beyond the snow-line of either Adams or Tacoma. In the case of Adams there are supposed to be two monstrous golden-winged eagles dwelling in a snow-cave on the north side of the summit. If the regal dignity of the mountain is in any way affronted, these great birds issue forth in fury

from their dwelling-place and, by the flapping of their wings, which are represented to be a quarter-mile or more in length, they create thunder-storms. Rainier has a flood legend. It is said that there are no snakes in the near vicinity. The Indians do not have a St. Patrick to account for this, but tell the following story: Ages ago the Indians around the mountain became bad, exceedingly bad, even beyond the ordinary custom of Indians. The Great Tyee, perceiving that they were a failure, determined to get rid of them by a flood. He notified a good "tamanous man" of his intention, and directed him to shoot an arrow into the sky. Following instructions, the tamanous man saw that the arrow stuck in a cloud, and, moved by the spirit, he shot other arrows. Each stuck into the one above, and in course of time he had a line of arrows reaching from the earth to the cloud. Then he directed his wife and children to climb the cloud, and, after they were safely ensconced there, various animals crawled up the arrow-line to the same retreat. Last of all, the tamanous man himself climbed up. Just as he reached the cloud a snake came wriggling up, but the man quickly detached the arrow-line from the cloud, and the snakes and other doomed and noxious reptiles that were trying to rise fell to the earth. Then followed rain and snow and flood, until all the country except the icy peak was covered. After many days the tamanous man sent a duck down to explore. But it did not return. In consequence, it was condemned to a life in the water and to a wabbling gait thereafter. After a time the beaver was sent out, and he came back with a branch in his mouth. As a result of this faithfulness, the beaver was made an animal of special favor among the natives. And now the people in the cloud perceived that it was time to descend. Shooting a number of arrows below, the man reconstructed his broken bridge and by means of it they reached the earth in safety, finding the bad people and the snakes annihilated. Some claim that this picturesque story is not altogether original with the Indians, but that the tribe that started it had heard the story of Noah from whites, in the old exploring days, and mixed that up with some fancies of their own. Of this, deponent knoweth not.

With the increasing population of the last ten years, Mt. Rainier has grown more and more famous until it has become acknowledged as peerless among our mountains, grand as the others are. It has consequently become the great object of ambition with mountain-climbers to stand upon the topmost pinnacle of this highest height. To four men in particular be-

long the honor of having conquered Mt. Rainier. The first man that is known to have attempted it was Lieutenant Kautz, afterward a general in the Civil War, and still later stationed at San Francisco. Away back in 1857 he reached the summit of what is now known as Peak Success. That was so long ago that it was practically unknown until, some time in the seventies, General Kautz wrote a very interesting account of it for some magazine.

But P. B. Van Trump is, above all, the man who may be said to be the Columbus of Mt. Rainier. On August 17, 1870, in company with Gen. Hazard Stevens, he reached the very top. They were saved from freezing during the night (for they could not descend on the day of the climb) by crawling into a hot cave in the crater. An account of this perilous and daring ascent was written by General Stevens for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and did much to make the mountain known to the world. The dangers and sufferings of the trip were so vividly portrayed, however, that few dared attempt its repetition, and a long time passed without any effort to reach the peak. It was generally regarded as impossible for any but the very strongest. In 1888, however, Mr. Van Trump again assayed it successfully, making the ascent and descent in one day. With him were six others, including John Muir and E. S. Ingraham; and in naming Major Ingraham we name the third on the list of the explorers of Mt. Rainier. The fourth place of honor may justly be given to Edward Curtis, a Seattle photographer. Mr. Curtis has the finest collection of photographs of the mountains in existence, perhaps the finest ever taken of any American mountain. His



MT. RAINIER AS SEEN FROM REFLECTION LAKE.

Under the shadow of the mighty mountain, the waters of this lake are so clear that they reflect, mirror-like, all surrounding objects.

services to the Mazama Club were indispensable and beyond the reach of praise. To these four names ought to be added that of Miss Fay Fuller, the first woman to reach the summit, which she accomplished on August 10, 1890. Miss Fuller has become a necessary figure in every Mazama outing, and she has been justly honored by being chosen first vice-president of the club.

Though it seemed almost presumptuous for so large a company to attempt this difficult and dangerous climb, the stout-hearted outing committee, consisting of W. B. Knapp, C. H. Sholes and W. G. Steel, all skillful climbers, had nerved themselves to the task. And they found the Mazamas willing followers, ready to emulate and even to outdo their wild namesakes of the mountains. All preparations for the outing of '97 were made with unusual care. The experience of three campaigns had taught the adventurers to discriminate carefully between the needed and the not needed things. They had learned that an abundance of good, plain food; warm, light clothes and sleeping-bags or blankets; very strong shoes, shod with spikes; goggles, alpenstock, knives, hatchets and ropes, were the absolutely necessary articles. As for other things, they should be reduced to a minimum. July 19 was the day appointed for the general gathering at Tacoma. Small parties had, however, started several days before that. Various members of the club had been appointed as leaders of special lines of scientific research; one on elevations, one on glaciers, one on botany, one on carrier-pigeons, and one on kite-flying, which last was hoped to be the distinctive scientific feature. Besides these specialties, Mr. Curtis had a most complete photographic outfit; and several members of the scientific department of the Government, as well as other distinguished scientists, were expected to be present and to give lectures at appropriate times during the outing.

In all, about one hundred made the trip, of whom seventy-seven tried to reach the summit and fifty-nine succeeded in doing so. The stage-ride from Tacoma to Longmire's Springs, sixty-eight miles through grand forests and along foaming trout-streams, rising ever higher toward the vast expanse of the mountain, was a charming and fitting preparation for the greater scenes yet to come. From the Springs, which are of themselves well worth visiting, the travelers walk or ride up the steep trail to Paradise Park, at the snow-line on the south side of the mountain. Amid the clumps of alpine trees, the perfect wilderness of varied and beautiful flowers, the lakelets and waterfalls, the snow-banks and overhanging glaciers of this truly paradisaical valley, the members of the party gathered for their permanent camp. A grander



SCENE ON COWLITZ GLACIER, MT. RAINIER.

It was on this glacier that one of the Mazamas nearly lost his life during a heavy fog.

and a lovelier spot it would be hard to find. It would seem as though Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in devising the combination of the sublime, the delicate, the beautiful, the rugged, the curious and the instructive elements of this marvelous park, well named Paradise. To the north towers the awful form of the mountain with its ice-falls and pinnacles, the very embodiment of the terrible and sublime in nature. The flowers and grasses, ferns and mosses beneath our feet, are equally the very expression of the delicate and the beautiful—nature in her sweeter mood. And the glaciers—most expressive of all forces in nature, a revealer of facts in science as well as showing forth all phases of beauty in coloring and form; greatest of all the poems of the mountains—are round about us on all sides, locking the green forests in their Briarean hands, grinding the rocks to pulp in the monstrous mortar of the old volcano-valleys, and sending the debris of their perpetual strife far below to deposit layer after layer in fertile valleys for the sustenance of man. These omnipresent sculptors, fire and frost, have lifted and carved this infinitude of forms. South of Paradise is the serrated Tatoosh Range, dwarfed by the great mass to the north, but anywhere else vast and sublime. Clashed between these two zones of winter lies Paradise, its invigorating air, pure as that of ancient Eden, potent to revivify the spent powers of the dweller on the plains below. Besides the Mazamas, many others camped in Paradise during the period of the climb. But there was room for a thousand, and then they might have had an acre or two apiece. It is impossible to convey to a reader who is unaccustomed to mountains, an adequate conception of the immensity of these mighty peaks. It would probably take nearly a week to circumnavigate Mt. Rainier. It covers the area of a good-sized county—almost of one of the small States of the East.

From its glaciers and snow-fields issue the chief tributaries of four large rivers, the Cowlitz, the Nisqually, the Puyallup, and the Yakima. It has about fifteen glaciers, some of them not having been thoroughly explored. These glaciers vary in length from a mile or two to ten or twelve miles, the matter of their dimensions not having been very accurately determined. The rate of motion of the Nisqually glacier was determined to be twelve inches in twenty-three hours, a very rapid rate of motion. It is, of course, much less during the winter. These glaciers are gridironed with crevasses—deadly and treacherous to the climber, yet beautiful for their amethystine and opalescent tints, on which it seems as though the rainbows had been broken; while the water that often reposes in their deeps is absolutely clear. One cannot say that he has really seen clear water until he has gazed down some of those ice-cracks into depths where air and water finally mingle and a stone can be seen to fall through each.

The experienced Mazamas had learned that the great strain of such a test as awaited them could be best made by a few days of preparatory scrambling around the lesser heights. Hence they fixed upon Monday, the 28th, several days after arrival at Paradise, as the day for beginning the three days' struggle of ascent and descent. Those days were delightfully spent in excursions to glaciers and to points on the Tatoosh Range, while the evenings were utilized in fun or in the more serious and instructive occupation of listening to lectures by some of the distinguished scientists present. Among these were Henry G. Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey; Dr. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Department; Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the United States Biological Survey;

Dr. Frank Baker, Superintendent of the National Zoological Parks, and F. H. Newell, chief hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey. One of the most interesting of all the guests from abroad was Dr. B. A. Tichnoff, vice-inspector of the Russian Forestry Department. Doctor Tichnoff gave valuable and entertaining talks on forestry matters, but did not feel sufficiently at home in the English language to essay any set lectures. Thus the week before the great day passed quickly, enlivened by the first of the series of adventures which was to make this trip so memorable. A gentleman from California, either "holding a weak supposal of the mountain's worth" or having an exaggerated idea of his own strength and skill, undertook to make the ascent alone on Friday. A heavy fog coming on, he was lost on Cowlitz Glacier. Several members of the party bravely turned out and spent most of the night in searching for the lost man, finding him in time to prevent his perishing in the freezing air of his camping-place. This incident taught those who did not already know it the need of caution in any solitary exploits, and led to a thorough military system in the ascent. Sunday was spent mainly as a rest day, though one detachment went to locate a high camp at about the ten thousand-foot level, where the company might rest on the first night of the ascent. This camp was known as Camp Muir, and it may be remarked, parenthetically, that this camp with its zero temperature was better adapted to glory than to comfort. An election was also held on Sunday, Mr. Curtis being chosen captain, with autocratic powers; and it never can be forgotten that no man ever used authority to greater advantage than did this brave and skillful leader. He established, as fixed rules, that discipline was to be implicitly obeyed; that climbers must keep their assigned places in the ranks; that no straggling would be permitted; that no stimulants were to be used while climbing; and, last but not least, that all the women must wear bloomers. Those who were willing to subscribe to these rules and enroll themselves in the regular party were then divided into four companies, each with its captain. This military system proved most valuable; without it, and the superb leadership which directed it, it is probable that few would have reached the summit and that many accidents would have occurred.

By daylight Monday morning, behold our Mazamas, clad in motley attire, some with faces blacked, some with veils, some with stylish bicycle suits, some conscientiously endeavoring to wear out their old clothes, some with scientific instruments, some with knapsacks of blankets and provisions, some with ropes and axes, and all with alpenstocks and goggles. With the declining sun the long, patient yet always interesting climb of the first day ended at Camp Muir, 10,000 feet high.

And now followed a hard, cold night. With no shelter, no beds except the soft sides of uneven rocks, no vast amount of covering, not a great supply of food, and a temperature sliding down toward zero, this was a night long to be remembered and a good deal more joyful in the retrospect than in the realization. But until some rock huts like those built for climbers on the Alps adorn the rough slopes of Camp Muir,



PARADISE GLACIER,
MT. RAINIER.

These glaciers are gridironed with crevasses, deadly and treacherous to climbers, yet grandly beautiful to look upon.

this night must be endured; for no one, unless it be the very strongest, could stand a climb from the timber-line camp to the summit in one day. However, the philosophical Mazamas laughed and sung and talked away the discomforts even of this night. Special mention is made by one of the chroniclers of the delight of seeing two fat men try to get into one sleeping-bag! Even the grim rocks are represented to have laughed at that spectacle.

Three o'clock, and with the first rosy hues that tinge the vast snow-fields and the seas of vapor far below, the morning call of the captain echoes across the rocks, and the sixty-six members of the regiment rub their eyes, in the faint pretense that they have been sound asleep, and slowly and rheumatically unlimber themselves, eat a few hasty and not very inviting mouthfuls, load up, get a look of stern determination upon their somewhat haggard visages, and are off in regular line.

And what a day and what a climb is now before them! The first great object of attack is Gibraltar Rock, a monstrous crag of basalt that almost makes ascent impossible; and, even as it is, it daunts many who have reached its forbidding ramparts. Gibraltar rises almost perpendicularly from a thousand to two thousand feet above the route taken, while below it drops another thousand upon the Nisqually Glacier. The route runs along a narrow ledge, in some places only two or three feet wide, and even that is very precarious. A slip on that wind-swept and rock-swept ledge would mean a grave in the Nisqually Glacier until such a time as the slow-sliding ice-river should give up its dead.

The life-line is in constant use here, and the movement of the long line is very slow. Camp of the Stars, Camp Shivers, and Camp Misery, mark the mental and physical state of the club at various points along this route. The cry, "Hurry up that life-line!" in Doctor Young's stentorian tones, became so stamped upon their ears as to ring in them many a day after. But

all things end, and so does Gibraltar; and with a lunch and rest at Camp No Camp at about noon, the regiment passed on over the slippery ice-fields,—really more dangerous than Gibraltar,—chopping steps in the ice, and at four o'clock crossed the warm rocks of the crater and stood upon the very summit, 14,532 feet above the sea! A few moments of panting triumph as we lie flat upon the snow, while the affronted wind goes whizzing by, and then we stand upon our feet and gaze upon the bewildering vastness of the scene. An area for an empire six hundred miles in diameter lies stretched out, map-like, at our feet. The silvery shimmer of Puget Sound clasping the forests with its multiplied fingers lie to the westward, and beyond it the sharp peaks of the Olympics punctuate the sky; while far and vague to the northwest is a misty expanse, with its suggestions of the infinite and the eternal already resting heavily upon the mind, which we recognize as the Pacific Ocean. A few scarcely discernible patches of gray or yellow we know to be some of the inhabited valleys whose fertilizing rivers draw their sustenance from the snow-banks beneath our feet. But in the main the scene is a wilderness, with no trace or suggestion of human habitation or industry—a wilderness as complete as in the days when the earth was young. Out of that purple wilderness of woods, with its frequent gleam of river or lake, all of it flattened out as by a vast roller, there rise a few mighty mountain forms—Adams, Hood, St. Helens, Baker, Stewart, and Glacier Peak.

The scene is too vast, too awful, too majestic, for immediate comprehension. We can hardly speak. We seem to be upon one of those "Mounts that might not be touched," one of those thrones where sat of old the gods of primeval chaos, until they were turned to stone by the gorgon shield of the stars. Vast and high as are the mountains around us, they are all far below our feet. We are higher than any thing within the range of sight. We are on the top of the earth! With that joyful thought, proud, though shivering in the icy blast, we leave a little company of hardy spirits who propose to remain in the crater all night to illuminate the summit and signalize our triumph to the world. We make a final obeisance to the triple summit, Crater Peak, Peak Success, and Liberty Cap, and again, with military precision, slowly pick our way down.

In the late afternoon the frozen slopes of the ice-cap between the crater and Camp No Camp are more dangerous than ever, though the rolling rocks of Gibraltar are checked by the freezing air, and that part of the route is safer than in the middle of the day. But, now, in rounding Gibraltar, begin the series of mishaps which will always cause a strain of melancholy to mingle with the joy and triumph of the journey. At the narrowest point of the ledge, one of the company dislodged a rock and in an instant slid to the dizzy verge; but, with his hand holding to the life-line with a death-grip, he sustained himself until the line was in place, and then was drawn back from the very verge of a grave in the glacier a thousand feet below. By his fall another met the same experience. All honor to the life-line! No damage resulted; but a thrill swept through the line, and one of the young ladies fainted as she pictured the tragedy just about to pass before her eyes.

The other misadventures did not end so happily. After having reached Camp Muir in safety at about dark, a number of the company felt so strongly the need of better rest and food than they could get there, that they determined to attempt the descent to Camp Mazama, the lights of which they could see four thousand feet below. Since it was thought that the serious dangers of the trip were now over, they

broke up into smaller companies. One of these was led by Prof. Edgar McClure, of the department of chemistry of the Oregon State University. Professor McClure was the especial scientist of the party, having in charge the barometer and other instruments, with which he had gathered a large amount of valuable data. He was one of the best climbers and best men in the party, having endeared himself to all from the beginning, and having done more distinctive scientific work than any other member of the club. In the treacherous light of the night he lost his way, and while he was searching for it, the other members of the party, who were waiting for him to direct their steps, were startled by his sudden disappearance. No answer came to their calls. As soon as possible a thorough search was organized, and in the early morning the body of Professor McClure was found on the rocks below. He had evidently slipped upon the edge of the snowy declivity and been instantly killed on the rocks in which the slide ended. His barometer was shattered, but the data of the mountain elevations were upon him and will be worked out and published in the next number of the Mazama bulletin.

This distressing accident, the first fatality in the history of the club, went to the very hearts of the company gathered in Paradise; and suitable services were held there, strangely solemn amid the deep murmur of Sluisin Falls and the occasional rumble of avalanches above. Professor McClure will long be remembered for his noble, promising life and tragic death, the first death that is known to have happened in Paradise Park.

The next night two young men, of the party that had spent the night on the summit, slipped upon the same slide and were saved from death almost by miracle. They missed the rocks in their descent, and plunged into a crevasse. One fell in at a narrow place and his pack caught upon a point of ice near the surface, from which, after hard effort, he succeeded in climbing to the top. The other fell much farther, but was finally wedged into a crack from which he could not extricate himself. The first one, having tried in vain to help his companion out, hurried to camp, reaching it in such a state of exhaustion and fright that he could hardly give a coherent account of what had happened. But a party was aroused at once, and in spite of the cold and darkness and indefiniteness of their guidance, they lighted upon the crevasse and heard the cries for help just in time. After much effort, the lost member was pulled to the surface, entirely numb and helpless after his three hours in the ice. He would probably have died within another hour. Several lesser adventures and hair-breadth escapes occurred on this remarkable mountain trip, the most remarkable yet taken in the Cascades, or perhaps in the entire country.

It will be seen that such a journey is not without its perils. Yet the list of accidents is not great upon our Pacific peaks. As a general thing they are much safer than the Alps, though less so than the Rockies. Hood has chronicled one fatality, Rainier one, and Adams one very serious accident. Aside from these, there has been naught but slight mishaps and sometimes great exhaustion. One must be sound of heart and lungs, and stout of leg, to enter upon so great an effort. To one fitted for it, it furnishes a delight beyond all competitors.

The most remarkable feature of the outing of '97 was that, out of seventy-five persons who made the attempt to reach the summit, fifty-nine succeeded. When the difficulty of the mountain is considered, this is almost astonishing and is a tribute to the value of preparation and leadership. Of the fifty-nine, nine were women. As to the scientific results of the trip,

it may be said that they did not reach expectation. The kite-flying, for which so much expense had been incurred and from which so much had been expected, was a failure. Those who carried kites became exhausted and dropped them before reaching the top,—all but one, and the one which he carried was so crushed that it could not be used. The lamented death of Professor McClure makes it impossible to use some of the data which he had obtained. As already noted, the rate of motion of the Nisqually Glacier was determined to be a foot in twenty-three hours, and Mr. Curtis succeeded in adding much fine photographic matter to his already superb collection.

Some "practical" man will rise up and say:

"What was it all for?" To which the Mazama replies:

"What is anything in this world for? Is there not something more important than to eat and sleep and amass wealth? Is not the testing and developing of body and soul and purpose by these mighty contests with the powers of nature great enough and grand enough to justify the toll and the risk of life and limb? What would this earth be if the heroic in man did not arise to conquer the glaciers and the crags of the material earth? There is a spirit in man, after all, selfish and calculating and mercenary though he be, that pays homage to the hero and the adventurer. A thousand-fold better to perish in the effort to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, or to widen the scope of human power over nature, or to exhibit the capacity of the body to endure, and of the will to execute an unshaken purpose, than to triumph in the ignoble strife to surpass our fellows in the 'abundance of the things that one hath.' Struggle with nature and communion with her powers and her mysteries develop the generous and the sympathetic, rather than the hard and the crafty; it makes regnant those qualities of heart and mind that may be worth far more than those narrow traits which, in the opinion of some, are the only 'practical things.' This, then, is the justification of the Mazama Club for its struggles and its hazards."

REMARKABLE TERRITORIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The material development of the later group of prairie States—Minnesota, Kansas, North Dakota and South Dakota, the Langdon (N. D.) *Courier-Democrat* remarks, has had no parallel in the history of this or any other country. Their population in 1850 was about 6,000; in 1897 it is 6,500,000, a thousand-fold increase. The cultivated acreage has increased from 500,000 in 1850 to 60,000,000 acres in 1897. The value of the farms increased from \$35,000,000 in 1850 to \$2,500,000,000 in 1890. But in no particular has this new creation borne a more distinctive stamp than in that of the provision made for educating this rapidly multiplying population. The Dakotas stand out pre-eminent in this group for the efforts and sacrifices made to educate their children. The old Territory of Dakota spent two millions of dollars per annum for six years before Statehood, mindful of the importance of making its coming generations the most intelligent of all the great families of this great commonwealth. North Dakota spends a million dollars per annum upon its schools and higher institutions of learning, and this lavish expenditure must affect and shape and stamp this State as among the most cultured in the nation. As a State, it was never ignorant, boorish, or lawless. It had good material to work upon in the first instance, and these millions of dollars of educational seed are already productive of visible results in the character of the first generation growing to maturity upon its soil.



IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY. WASH.

A good time to visit Davenport, Wash., is when the surrounding country is waving with fields of yellow grain and one can drive through dense orchards of heavily-laden fruit-trees. Davenport, with its one thousand inhabitants, is the new capital of Lincoln County, an honor formerly borne by Sprague. It is an important shipping point on the Central Washington Railway and favorably located in the eastern portion of the county, about fifty-seven miles northwest of Spokane and upon the very verge of the famous Big Bend Country, its geographical position having caused it to be often spoken of as the keystone to that productive region. Besides this famous agricultural district, there is also tributary to Davenport a mining region of no small importance.

Lincoln County will realize about \$5,000,000 this year from the sale of its various products, chief of which are its cereals and live stock. I have heard it said that if the money were equally distributed there would be enough of it in the county to give \$2,000 to every citizen. But there can be no more satisfactory method of informing the reader of the general character of the land in the vicinity of Davenport than by describing what I saw while driving about the country with Mr. Charles C. May, president of the local bank. After leaving town we first skirted a beautiful wheat-field of 160 acres, the golden grain looking like an ocean of fire, and gently undulating with the breeze. That grain probably yielded over forty bushels to the acre, and, at the high prices offered, the owner of the tract has no doubt realized a small fortune from it. A little farther on we came to a more sparsely-grown field, which we were told was composed of volunteer wheat. It was expected to average twenty-five bushels per acre.

Branching off on a road to the left, we stopped at the house of a farmer who gladly showed us through a magnificent orchard, where an abundance of apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, and, in fact, almost every variety of fruit conceivable, was raised. Delicious strawberries are grown in season. We spent an hour in inspecting this Eden of delectables, and when we left our pockets bulged out suspiciously. I am told that the fruits bring good prices, that markets are convenient, and that the transportation facilities are satisfactory. The home market at Davenport is quite extensive. During harvesting time the demand for fruit is such that the growers about the town have their hands full satisfying the local consumption.

The farther we went into the surrounding territory, the more deeply were we impressed

by the sight of acre after acre and of field upon field of magnificent wheat, waiting to be garnered by the brawny harvesters. Here and there a patch of oats varied the stereoptican-like panorama, and we often encountered other orchards, the heavy-yielding trees of which were but a repetition of what we saw upon our visit to the first fruit-grower's ranch. Such sights naturally filled us with gladness; for we saw, on all sides, large crops which, with good prices, are the sure signs of the long-looked-for wave of prosperity.

The fact that fruit grows bountifully and of the best qualities on the high prairie-lands of the Big Bend Country, is but a practical illustration of the wonderful productiveness of the soil. A few miles from Davenport runs the Spokane River, and along the lowlands there are situated a large number of fruit plantations whose product cannot be surpassed in any country. We were treated to some immense peaches that fairly melted in our mouths. We never had tasted such luscious peaches before, and we simply gorged ourselves—upon an urgent invitation to "eat all you can."

Between Davenport and the Spokane River lies an almost newly-developed mining territory known as the "Little Egypt" region. Although but little is known of this mineral belt, a small amount of development work having been done, those who have operated there at all give the most encouraging reports. Beyond the river is the well-known Cedar Canyon District, familiar to all mining men. The principal mine there is the "Deer Trail No. 2," which is a shipping property, the ore being shipped from Davenport.

As a cattle producer the Big Bend Country ranks high, and during the past year large consignments of cattle, horses and hogs were shipped from Davenport. The town controls a large amount of trade from the surrounding country, and its merchants are a body of active, energetic, courteous gentlemen who, fully appreciating the fact that they command the patronage of a wide and well populated stretch of territory, cater to the wants of their customers by placing before them large and modern stocks to select from. A solid and well-conducted bank occupies the corner of a substantial brick block, and a good hotel accommodates the traveling public. Near the railroad track is the mill of the

A. A. Davis Milling Company, the capacity of which is 300 barrels daily. This large mill is under the capable management of W. J. Olwell. There are farm-implement depositories, wholesale and retail stores, livery-stables, two newspapers, and all the lines of business usually found in an up-to-date town. The citizens do not stagger under the burden of a municipal debt; on the contrary, the city treasury boasts of a snug little sum put safely away for the proverbial rainy day. A first-class school system attracts the children of people who live out of town, the parents purchasing town property in order to be citizens of Davenport, so that their children may attend the local schools. Standing upon an eminence overlooking the town is the new Lincoln County court-house, a handsome stone structure, an excellent engraving of which appears in connection with this article. Of this edifice Lincoln County people may well be proud, as it is an excellent example of artistic and scientific architecture.

While there are many favored regions in the State of Washington, those who contemplate a change of residence and who wish to locate in a country where grain, fruit and a little of almost everything can be raised to perfection, will be quite sure to find it greatly to their advantage to make careful inquiry respecting the territory contiguous to Davenport. As for the town itself, it holds out every advantage that can be found in a live commercial, social and educational center, the citizens of which are as intelligent as they are thrifty and progressive.

VICTOR H. SMALLEY.

A FAR WESTERN HOME.

There's a little rustic valley
Near the mountains of the West—
You can see the white ships sailing
On Pacific's surging breast;
And a little cozy cabin,
Nestling close to forests green,
Where the fir-trees point to heaven—
Like great fingers, long and lean;
But the sight that sweetest gladdens
Are the curls, of golden brown,
Of the children that are playing
On the dooryard's emerald down.

Pretty, little, cheerful babies,
In your far-off Western world,
With the mountains for a background,
'Fore the sea, 'gainst white cliffs churled,
Could there be a fairer picture
Than the mountains and the sea,
And the fir-trees trooping outward
Where the river laughs in glee?
Little babes 'mid sylvan shadows,
You may roam, in later days,
But you'll find no fairer picture
Than your Western sea-girl ways.

Winona, Minn.

WILLIAM HENRY NEALON.



LINCOLN COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, DAVENPORT, WASH.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

By Clifford Trembly

'Twasn't much of a place when I first landed in it; not much. Over there to the right, where the saw-mill stands on the hill, there wasn't a thing but pines. They crept down to the very edge of Sleepy Brook, too. Just where the station house stands there wasn't anything but a tangle of underbrush and young jack pines. No, you couldn't call it much of a place, no matter how hard you tried. But we didn't come expecting much, so we hadn't any cause to feel disappointed.

There wasn't more than thirty of us in the whole town, and Dave Bennett's wife and my wife were the only women in the place. That condition of things didn't last long, however; for people soon commenced to come into the town, until, almost before we knew it, we had a population of nearly a hundred. Of course, it naturally followed that among the new-comers there were a few who had children, that ought to have the benefits of a little education; so we decided that we'd have a school during the winter months. That was the beginning of our trouble—Dave Bennett's and mine.

Dave and I were both members of the school-board, and after we'd built a good log house we cast about for a teacher. There were two applications that we considered favorably. One was from a young fellow named Clark, who was trying to earn money enough to take him through college; the other one was from a Miss Webb, who was trying to do the same thing, only she was going to study medicine, and Clark wasn't.

Well, the board met on a Tuesday night to act on the applications, with every member present,—five of them.

Dave got up to speak first, and I knew what to expect.

"We want a man teacher," says he, "one that can hold the big fellows in check and that's got brains."

Says I, at this slur at the women folks:

"We want the brains, I'll admit. In fact, we need them badly,"—and I looked straight at Dave;—"but whether we want those brains to be in a man's head or in a woman's is for the board to decide."

"It's absurd," exclaimed Dave, "perfectly absurd to think of a woman coming to this place to teach these rough fellows!"

"That's just why we want her," says I, "because the fellows are rough; we want something to tone them down. And I think we'll have it, too," I added.

Of the five men on the board, two were known to be for the woman and two for the man; the other one hadn't formed his opinion yet. Dave and I were playing for the fifth man.

"Look at the young man," says Dave (which was only a figure of speech, for the fellow wasn't within seventy miles of Moscow); "look at him, I say! See what he is trying to do in the world; trying to fit himself for some career—to go through college—to be a MAN! Look at the other applicant, a woman, who wants to study medicine. Think of it, my friends! Think of it! A woman doctor! It is terrible; it ain't decent! I ask you, would you

want your daughter to take a man's place, go in a dissecting room with a lot of coarse men, and cut up the remains of some poor outcast?"

"Well," says I, "if I had a daughter who was smart enough to take up the study of medicine and who had a soul and a mind large enough and grand enough to make it her life work to try and ease some of this great world's constant pain and sorrow, I'd sell my coat to help her do it. As for her going into a room with a lot of coarse fellows and cutting up the remains of some poor outcast, I think, myself, it would be much better if the fellows were decent instead of coarse. As to the outcast part of the business, I'd rather it would be the outcast than some of the members of my own family."

Dave let go of that part of his argument and took up another branch of it.

"We want a man for a teacher," said he, "because he's stronger mentally. When I went

to school a man learned me my spelling and grammar, and a man shall learn my children."

"Yes," said I; "Mr. Bennett was 'learned' by a man,—especially in grammar. But," says I, growing confidential, "was it a success?"

We fought back and forth for some time, and when the question was finally voted on, I knew that the fifth man was on my side and that Miss Webb had the school.

"That settles it between us, George Brown!" cried Dave. "I don't want nothing more to do with you or your family!"

I had considerable more pride than sense, and my retort wasn't calculated to straighten matters out any. So the quarrel commenced, and we kept it up for eighteen years. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

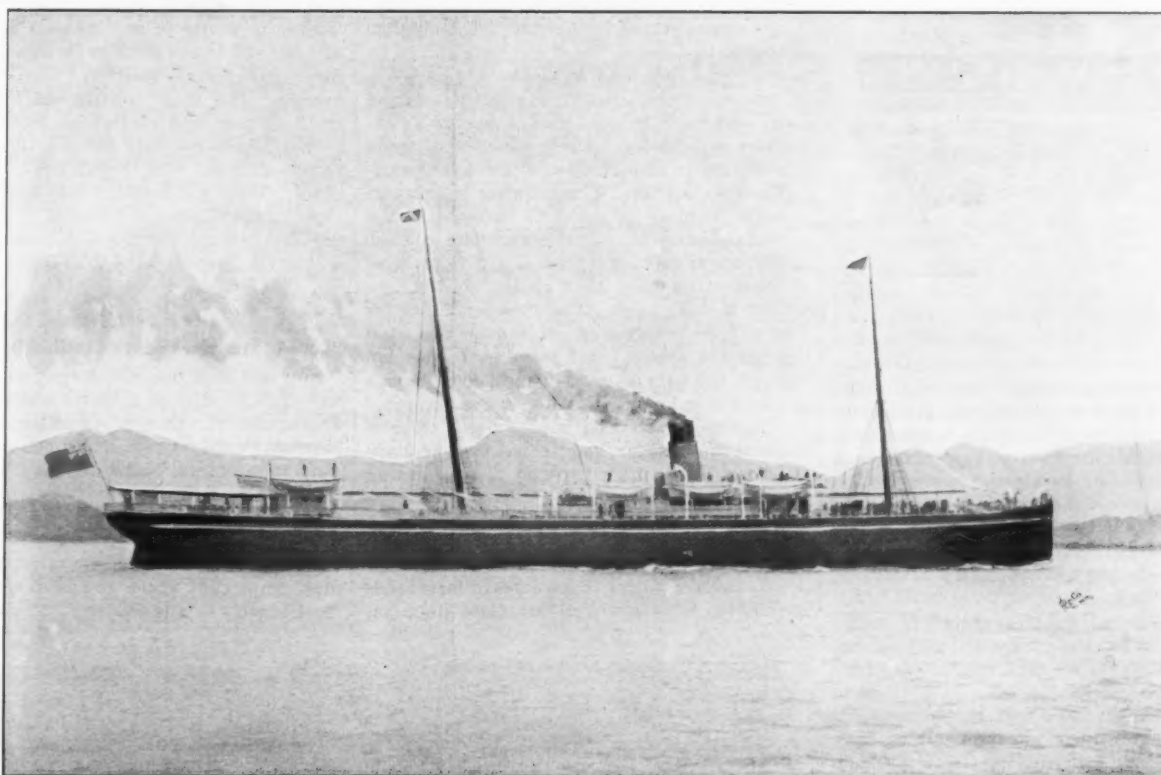
Just after Miss Webb had started her school nicely, my Helen was born, and the happiness in our little home seemed just about complete. All the world seemed changed to my wife and I. The wind in the top branches of the pines no more sang a dirge, as we had often fancied it had; instead, it was a gentle lullaby. Love does so much for us when we let it!

Time sped along in Moscow as it does in every other place. Helen grew into a bright, pretty girl of ten, and Dave's boy, John, was fully fifteen. Miss Webb had long since left us—after gaining the love and respect of everybody but the Bennetts—to finish her studies.

Dave and I had never made up, and one thing after another had only tended to widen the



"There in the lake, and within sight of the curling cloud of smoke, the family quarrel was buried."



NORTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP VICTORIA LEAVING HONG KONG HARBOR.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company has for many years operated a line of steamships that make regular trips between Tacoma, on Puget Sound and the Japanese and Chinese ports. They carry flour to the Orient and bring back silks, teas and matting. Their passenger accommodations are good and the trade is constantly increasing. The ships are English built and sail under the British flag. Our picture shows one of them leaving the harbor of Hong Kong.

breach between us. He didn't permit John to speak to Helen at school. I didn't say that John didn't speak to her; I only said that his father didn't permit him to do so; for both John and Helen thought the world of each other, and while I've seen them together lots of times when John didn't speak to her, but just looked, I knew it wasn't his father's words that made him hold his tongue.

When Helen was eighteen and John was a fine fellow of twenty-three, he came over to the house one night to see me. He came on business, too, and I knew what business it was the minute I opened the door.

Well, he wanted Helen, and there wasn't a man I'd sooner let her go to as a wife than to John Bennett. He was strong and good-looking, comfortably fixed financially, his life was pure and good, and I knew that he loved Helen with all his soul. But the families were as far apart as ever, and it didn't seem right for the young folks to go against the grain of the old folks so strongly. I didn't forbid his loving my little girl,—as she still seemed to me,—but I told him to wait and perhaps we could straighten out the tangle. I suppose I really meant that I would try to get up courage enough to make the first overture for peace with Dave.

The following summer was a hard one for Moscow. The heat was intense, and the woods and underbrush were as dry as tinder. Many severe forest fires had been reported from the country north of us. The trail of Sleepy Creek was scarcely more than a bed of sun-baked mud, and down at the lower end of the town, where it forms a fair-sized lake, there was scarcely a foot of water. Rain had not fallen for weeks. One day in August, which seemed hotter than usual, news was brought that the fires were burning not only at the north of us, but to the east and west as well. By noon another message was brought, stating that the

woods south of us were burning, also. Moscow was trapped—shut in by burning forests of pine!

The air gradually grew hazy with the bluish smoke, and our peril became pronounced. Our buildings were all of wood,—for the railroad hadn't reached here then,—and one blast from the seething furnace of a forest fire would leave nothing but ashes in its wake.

Blacker grew the sky, and nearer and ever nearer we knew the fire was coming. The men hurried through the town, stopping at each house and bidding the people go to the lake,—what there was left of it. Soon we were all there, up to our knees in muddy water, waiting for what we were almost certain would come,—death!

It was strange, but Dave's family and mine were close together; so close, in fact, that John was holding one member of my family in his arms, and bidding her not to cry!

"George," said Dave to me as we saw a great mass of hideous flames shoot up above the trees to the north of us, "we'd better forget our faults. I don't think we're going to get out of Moscow alive. I'm sorry. Shake?"

"Sure!" said I, "and I'm glad the trouble's over, whether we live or not. It ought to have been settled years ago."

The women kissed each other, and, within sight of the curling cloud of smoke, the family quarrel was buried. Perhaps it would be better to say that it was drowned, for we were in the lake, of course.

"Helen! Helen!" cried John in his despair, "I love you! I love you!"

And Dave didn't forbid his speaking to Helen, either.

There was a strong blast of hot air, and to our astonished eyes came the sight of the great pillar of smoke and flame to the north of us, spread out like the wings of a great bird, falter for an instant, and then rush forward on its

course of destruction. Onward, ah, yes; but around the town, not over it!

So John won the consent of everybody concerned, and he and Helen were as happy as need be, even if Moscow was burnt,—almost.

AN-OLYMPIC WATERFALL.

Located in the Olympic Mountains on the west branch of the Humptulips River is one of the most picturesque waterfalls in the world, says a correspondent in the *Montesano* (Wash.) *Vidette*. The water falls more than 1,000 feet, there being six successive falls, each twenty to thirty inches wide and snow-white, looking like a bride's veil hanging in waves, the lower end resting in a pool in the solid rock—twenty to thirty feet long by eight to ten feet wide and four to six feet deep. At the time of our visit the water was warmed by the afternoon sun. The writer was perhaps the first to visit these beautiful falls, for there is not the mark of an ax in this mountaintop. The name, Raspberry Falls, suggested itself, there being a large patch of ripe black-cap raspberries just below the falls on an old landslide. From the notes of that day, says the correspondent, I find the following: "1:30 P. M., September 18, 1890. We are now standing on the top of one of the highest peaks in this part of the mountains. We can see Lake Quinalt lying off to our west, and north of us is nothing but mountains as far as the eye can reach. To the southeast is one vast stretch of fir timber, the top of which is even and of the same color, varying only in waves, like the waves of the sea. We are now at camp again. We were four and one-half hours going up, but only forty minutes coming down, sometimes swinging in the tops of trees and sometimes sliding down in the loose shell-rocks. While our camp is here in the fog, on the top of the mountains the sun is shining in all its splendor."



Montana's Big Beeves.

An animal that runs the gauntlet of coyotes while a calf, braves the wolves and hard winters for a few years and then brings \$95.55 on the Chicago market is a pretty good product of Montana bunch-grass, says the Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune*. The Fort Shaw Live Stock Company sold such an animal in Chicago recently. The steer was shipped from Galata with 113 other cattle belonging to the same company, all having been on the Milk River range. He weighed 1,950 pounds, and was sold at \$4.90 per hundred weight.

He was not only the largest steer sold in Chicago this year, but the price is the highest that has been paid for a Western ranger since 1895, when \$5.25 was the top price. In addition to being the largest steer sold in Chicago this year, this prize-winner was probably as large as any steer that ever rustled through a Montana winter. He must have shrunk at least 200 pounds from the time he left his usual range, so that his weight on his native prairies was at least 2,150 pounds.

A Discovery of Uranite Ore.

R. F. Brown, an old miner who has been credited with the discovery of the St. Helen's District in Lewis, Skamania and Cowlitz counties, Wash., has announced to Seattle parties that he and his partner have made the first surface find of uranium in the history of mankind. The valuable mineral was located in the Negro Creek District in Kittitas County, Wash., and the lucky prospectors have located five claims, where they say it abounds.

Uranium is one of the most valuable metals known to mankind, being worth \$90 an ounce, or \$1,080 a pound, nearly five times as precious as gold. It has heretofore been found only at depths of 500 to 1,000 feet. Mr. Brown says that he has a five-foot ledge of it only twelve miles from Peshastin Station on the Great Northern Railway, sixteen miles from Leavenworth. Samples have been sent East to be assayed. This product is a light, foliated metal like mica, with a specific gravity of from 6.4 to 6.8. The ore is termed uranite, and comes in the form of brown oxide. It was first discovered in 1789 by Klaproth, and is mined principally near Annaberg in Saxony, and Redruth in Cornwall, England. It is also found in the Bald Mountain of the Black Hills, S. D.

Bright Prospects for Oregon.

There never has been a time when the outlook for the development of diversified agricultural industries in the Pacific Northwest was so bright as it is now. As has been pointed out before in this paper, we have made remarkable progress in that direction during the past five years. The development in dairying has been the most marked, perhaps, of any branch of farming. The fruit-growing industry has outgrown the boom period and is beginning to bring returns for the large amount of money and labor which has been invested therein, and experience of the past five years has been of

untold value in pointing out the way for future profitable development of this great industry. While other States have reduced the number of sheep, in Oregon the flocks have grown in number and increased in yield. We have cut off entirely the importation of poultry from the East, and have reduced that of eggs to an insignificant quantity. The production of seeds is becoming an important addition to our agricultural industries. The growing interest in mohair promises a material increase in the revenue of many of our farmers. The interest in beet-sugar making is such as to give promise of the starting up of that great industry here within a short time. The growing of flax for fiber will be commenced on a moderate scale the present season, and promises to develop into an industry of great magnitude. Conditions in the Pacific Northwest are favorable for developing a remarkable variety of agricultural productions, and in that lies the foundation of the future prosperity of the farming interests of this section.—Portland (Or.) *Agriculturist*.

How Land Goes in North Dakota.

"We have sold over 25,000 acres of farm lands in Foster, Eddy and Wells counties since last

where the company gives a practical illustration of its desire to settle up the country. Of course, it wants to sell its own lands, but it will sell and locate settlers on any vacant land they may desire—railroad, Government, or private. The land department has in preparation a new map of Dakota, which will soon be published, showing the location of all the vacant railroad and Government land in the State. They will scatter these maps broadcast through the East, and I expect to see a tide of immigration coming this way next season that will settle up every acre of available land that can be farmed.—Carrington (Foster Co., N. D.) *Independent*.

Some Towns and Counties in Northern Oregon.

Now and then one comes upon a locality that has a few prominent features which especially distinguish it. One of these localities is in Morrow County, Oregon. It contains a thousand inhabitants, and from its massive warehouses three million pounds of wool are shipped every year.

HEPPNER,

the wool center to which we refer, is one of the most important sheep towns in Oregon, is almost exactly in the center of Morrow County,



STREET SCENE IN HEPPNER, OREGON.

Heppner, nestling among the foothills of the Blue Mountains, is one of the greatest wool-shipping points in the Northwest, three million pounds being shipped from there annually.

year," said Mr. Van Bergen, the Northern Pacific land agent here, to an *Independent* representative who was seeking information as to the extent of the land sales made by the company in this section.

"And most of this land has been sold in small tracts," continued Mr. Van Bergen. "Most all of it was sold in quarter-section tracts to actual settlers, who are now located on the land or will be next spring. Twenty-five thousand acres represents—the way the land has been sold—about 150 families, one-fourth of whom have already taken possession and begun improvements. The balance of them will be here next year. The company is pursuing a very liberal policy in their land department, and offer exceedingly good terms and conditions to new settlers—low rates and easy payments, the object being to settle up the country, realizing the fact that the more farmers there are along its lines the more benefit the road will derive."

"Does the company confine itself to locating settlers on its own land exclusively?" asked the *Independent* man.

"No, sir," he replied. "And right there is

of which it is the county seat, and is the terminal point of a spur of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's main line. It is a thoroughly progressive and enterprising little city, on the main street of which have been erected substantial business blocks that are occupied by wealthy and well-established firms.

The town nestles among a group of what may be called foothills of the Blue Mountain Range, and is skirted by what is known as the North Fork Creek, which, a few miles from the town, scatters its waters into three smaller streams. The principal commercial establishments include a bank, three or four extensive general stores, a good many smaller retail business houses, a large hotel, occupying a three-story brick building; two big wool-houses, a brewery, manufactories, etc. All appear prosperous and anticipate a still greater activity in their respective trades.

The fact that 3,000,000 pounds of wool are exported from Heppner every year has given that town prominence in Eastern markets; there are no wool buyers who are not acquainted with the Morrow County town and its sheepmen. Three million sheep are wintered in the

vicinity every year, and 125,000 are sold every spring and driven through to Colorado and Nebraska, leaving their winter homes about May 1. More sheep are driven than shipped by rail, for the reason that it is considered by far the most economical means of transportation. One-third of the 3,000,000 pounds of wool shipped is hauled to Heppner from Grand County, the distance being in many cases a good one hundred miles. It can easily be seen why Heppner and its tributary county enjoy and will continue to experience a season of prosperity. The price of sheep has nearly doubled since last year, and this rise necessarily enriches the sheep and wool dealers and likewise benefits the merchants with whom they deal. Last year wool sold for six to eight cents a pound; this year it brings ten to twelve cents per pound. To Easterners, twelve cents may appear a low price for wool; but the wool here is mostly a heavy-grade Merino and it is not uncommon for sheep to sheer ten pounds of unwashed wool, which is a heavy shearing.

There are two big wool-houses at Heppner—the Heppner Wool-Growers' warehouse, under the management of R. F. Hynd, and the concern of Heppner & Company. The former house controls the larger portion of the business. Nearly all the wool goes to Boston, where most of the wool buyers are located.

Morrow County will ship this year 6,000,000 bushels of wheat. A third of this will be sent from Heppner, while the balance will be shipped from platforms located along the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's branch line, the principal points being Ione and Douglass.

ARLINGTON.

As a land in which good fertile soil can be purchased at moderate figures always has an attraction for the migrating public, those in search of new homes in an agricultural region will find the territory adjacent to Arlington, Oregon, worthy of interest. Arlington is on the Columbia River and the line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. It is in the extreme northern portion of Gilliam County, and just across the river from Washington, the Columbia being the dividing line between the two States.

A few miles from the town is a stretch of good farming land which extends a considerable distance southward and abuts against the western foothills of the Cascade Mountains. The country may be classed as semi-arid, the high ranges of the Cascades shutting off the rain-bearing clouds that come from the Pacific Ocean; but, fortunately, there are enough showers during the spring and summer months to cause the wheat to sprout and ripen, so that, as a rule, good crops are harvested. In favorable years the yields are very large. Fruit-trees of all kinds do well, and orcharding begins to be an important industry. On the dryer lands, wool-growing is the principal resource. The winters are very mild and agreeable, storms are infrequent, and outdoor work goes on the year round.

Arlington is picturesque in its situation, the broad and magnificent Columbia sweeping majestically by its very door. The river affords a perfect water system, and the streets of the town are always kept free from dust in the summer-time by sprinkling. The stores are modern in their equipment, and the place enjoys the reputation of being an active commercial point. A bank is established there, and a well-patronized hotel fills the wants of the traveling public.

V. H. S.

Inspiring Words from North Dakota.

Speaking of one of the grand North Dakota counties that lie along the line of the Northern Pacific Ry., the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert* says:

"The new acreage in Stutsman County, in crop for the first time this year, shows how fast the fertile lands of the county are coming under cultivation. Crops of all kinds were seen in a thriving condition where they have never been before. Heavy oats; the finest looking flax in the world, grown on breaking and sowed in the sod without harrowing or discing; millet, rye, barley, corn, potatoes, wheat—all were grown on land which, previous to last year, had been virgin sod, the home of the gopher, the badger, and the nesting place of wild birds. The best lands in the county are rapidly being taken up by actual settlers, who are breaking up the sod and putting the land into fine farming condition. But the county yet contains many sections of excellent land that can be bought at a low figure, and which will make the owner, if industrious and economical, a secure home and a competency. Now is the time to get a farm in North Dakota—while the land is cheap."

Barnes County, another splendid agricultural region, is also traversed by the Northern Pacific. The Valley City (N. D.) *Times-Record* says that all kinds of prosperity has hit Barnes County this year. The wheat acreage was 177,301, and the yield about 2,127,612 bushels. Of

Alaska's Food Supplies.

There is no longer doubt that next spring will witness the passing of thousands of fortune hunters from the States to the gold-fields of Alaska and the Yukon. An army of hardy adventurers is already on the ground, and other contingents, now camped at Juneau, Dyea, and at St. Michael's Island, only await the coming of early spring to cross the barriers which separate them from the beckoning goal.

All the men that go to that inhospitable clime must be fed and clothed, and all the food and raiment required must come to them from outside sources. It needs no prophetic eye to discern the fact that by far the greater portion of these supplies will be furnished by the farmers of Washington and Idaho. Oregon will also be benefited by the exodus. The producing regions of Washington and Idaho, however, are convenient to shipping points and their products can be quickly and easily transported by land and sea to the needy miners.

When one stops to think that Washington's wheat crop for 1897 leads the Union; that Washington and Idaho orchards produce vast quantities of fruit; that those States can supply flour, butter, cheese, poultry and eggs, and that their ranchmen can furnish ship-loads of



ARLINGTON, OREGON.

This picturesque little town is on the Columbia River in extreme Northern Oregon, just across the river from Washington.

this, 1,867,612 bushels will be for sale. The difference in price between now and a year ago is the difference between penury and abundance. It means, says the *Times-Record*, \$50 more this fall and winter for every man, woman and child in Barnes County. Here are some individual instances of the way things are going:

Our contemporary says that Hon. N. P. Rasmussen took men this year and placed them on his various farms in the county on shares. "They were almost invariably men with absolutely no capital. Mr. Rasmussen sold them the teams, tools and machinery with which to conduct the business of farming, and the feed for their teams; and most of them he has kept in supplies for themselves and families. This fall they were able from the crop raised to pay him in full for their stock, machinery, feed and all other debts incurred during the summer. They will have sufficient feed to keep their stock next year, and \$500 to \$1,000 in cash besides.

"Think of it! A man who, a year ago, did not have a cent, is able to accumulate \$1,000 worth of property and from \$500 to \$1,000 in cash in one short year!"

prime beef and pork, it is not difficult to understand that the great migration to the frozen north will result in millions of money being spent in the nearest States for necessary supplies of all kinds. This demand for Washington, Idaho and Oregon products will doubtless grow greater with each succeeding year. New gold-fields will be discovered, new men will rush thither, and thus will the farmers and stockmen of the Pacific Coast find ample and profitable market for all they can produce.

This is one of the influences now operating to make lands in those States especially valuable. Probably no better investment could now be made than to buy free Government land or good railway land in Washington and Idaho. It is understood that the land department of the Northern Pacific Company is selling choice lands along its lines at \$3 to \$10 per acre and on ten years' time at low interest. Irrigated properties are available on reasonable terms. Vast as the Alaskan treasures may prove to be, it is hardly probable that they will ever equal the annual outflow of wealth from the fields, ranges, orchards and mighty of the Inland Empire.



LAKE ELOIKA, WASHINGTON.

"A picturesque, forest-bordered body of water about forty miles north of Spokane."

BOHEMIAN LIFE AT CAMP ELOIKA.

About forty miles north of Spokane, near the line of the Great Northern Railway, lies a beautiful sheet of water three-miles long and not quite a mile in width. According to the official maps of the State of Washington, this picturesque forest-bordered lake possesses the musical Indian name of Lake Eloika, but to the inhabitants of the surrounding country it is more commonly known as Blake's Lake. There are few States in the Union that are more beautiful and grand in point of scenery than Washington, and fewer still in which there are so many charming lakes. To me, Lake Eloika (I prefer the Indian name because of its delightful pronunciation) stands first, surpassing even the great Cœur d'Alene and the popular Loon lakes. It may be that I am biased in my estimation because of my recollections of two weeks spent in camp on the shores of Eloika—fourteen of the happiest days of my life.

Twelve years ago Mr. J. J. Browne, one of Spokane's foremost citizens, purchased a large tract of land facing Lake Eloika, and pitched what is now recognized as Camp Eloika. That summer in the open air so infatuated the Browne's that they have spent a large portion of each summer since in camp. Accepting an invitation to become a guest of the Eloika summer home, I boarded the Great Northern train at Spokane, one Thursday morning, and after an hour's run alighted at Milan, a small station. As I stepped upon the platform, valise in one hand and kodak slung across my shoulder, I was accosted by a rough-looking fellow in ragged corduroy trousers, tucked into dirty leggings. His woolen shirt was frayed and soiled, and he wore an enormous slouch-hat. He stretched out his hand and addressed me familiarly. This salutation surprised me immensely, as I could not remember ever having seen the corduroyed individual before. But as his face beamed into a wreath of smiles I recognized through that layer of tan the countenance of my friend Earle. After mutual expressions of pleasure at seeing each other again, Earle conducted me to a wagon, drawn by two horses, and shortly we were spinning along the country road towards camp. The odor of the pine-trees and the sight of verdant foliage everywhere accentuated the pleasure of the drive, and it was almost with a feeling of regret that I alighted at the fence, enclosing the Browne property, to lower the bars for the rig.

Camp Eloika is prettily situated on a point of land which projects slightly into the lake. Six white tents are scattered semi-circularly

about an open space. A small shanty is called "the storehouse," and immediately adjoining is "the kitchen," a partially-covered structure which protects the stove and the cooking utensils from the ravages of possible storms. The "dining-room" is a long oil-cloth-covered table standing beneath a ceiling of thatched beams. A spring of delicious water above the camp sends down a pretty, merrily-running rivulet which passes through the camp and empties into the lake. On the lake shore is the wharf, with its three rowboats and sailboat. Around the point a few rods is the swimming-beach, and about fifty yards out is anchored a raft, which, during the swimming-hours, is the center of a crowd of splashing, fun-provoking boys and girls whose antics are a sure cure for the worst case of "blues."

Conventionality is eschewed, at Camp Eloika, and the motto is "comfort and pleasure." Woe to him who dare invade the precincts of the camp clad in a starched shirt, high collar and their accompanying habiliments! Alas for the girl who comes to camp invested with the idea that white duck skirts and stiff sailor-hats are the "proper caper!" Both are disillusioned without delay, and made to understand that old clothes are in vogue there. Although there is an environment of blissful listlessness at camp, an atmosphere upon which the proverbial "Meandering Mike" of funny-paper fame would thrive, yet everyone has some daily duty to perform. Those comprising the female contingent take turns at washing the dishes, making the beds, assisting at the range, etc., while the stronger sex see that the stock of fire-wood is replenished, attend to the horses and devote themselves to other duties that are too difficult for the "girls" to execute.

Perhaps the most pleasant portion of camp life, certainly the most romantic, is at the close of the evening before bed-time. The boys roll together a number of huge old logs. After supper is over and the dishes are cleared away, the pile is ignited and all gather about the camp-fire to enjoy its merry blaze, for summer evenings in Washington are not without their chill. Heaps of straw are scattered about, and these serve as cushions for weary heads. Somebody produces a guitar, and to the soft twang of the strings all "sing

the old songs o'er again." It is a pretty picture, this group about the great fire. Some doze gently on the soft straw, while others, unconscious of their picturesque attitudes, loiter about gracefully. On all sides, silhouetted against the bejeweled sky, are the tall pines and hemlocks, looking like stately sentinels guarding the little cluster of campers from danger. Their tops sway gently to and fro with the wind, which produces soft sounds of Nature's music as it stirs the leaves above. Finally the guitar stops playing and its owner's face is contracted into a spasmodic yawn. He arises and staggers sleepily toward his tent. This action is soon imitated by another. One by one they seek the arms of Morpheus, until only two are left, a young man and a young woman. They sit almost unconscious of the fact that they are alone, and seem intent upon not missing a single leap of the blazing fire. His hand steals toward hers and he leans in her direction about to utter some soft nothing, when a head is suddenly thrust out of a neighboring tent and a sonorous voice cries:

"Break away!"

The two jump confusedly to their feet and start for the canvas homes, the young man vowing vengeance of the most terrible order against the scamp who so unceremoniously interrupted his little romance. The fire chuckles gleefully and the fair, round face of the moon wears a humorous expression. One by one the lights in the tents are extinguished, however, and finally the only illumination comes from the star-studded heavens and the soft, red glow of the almost dead fire. Nothing is heard but the wind and an occasional weird wail from a wide-awake mud-hen or the spine-chilling cry of a loon. Camp Eloika is asleep.

I had always labored under the impression that an important item of camp life is the novelty of arising at about five o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts, to enjoy the gray mists and grassy dews and other things you read about. My stay at Camp Eloika, however, has convinced me that all my ideas about camping must have resulted from an early intimacy with certain periodicals that seem to be published for the express purpose of filling young America's mind with a large stock of error. The Eloikites are very fond of sleep, and they have come to the conclusion that this physical and mental condition can best be attained between the hours of midnight and ten o'clock



AN AFTERNOON SIESTA.

"Conventionality is eschewed, at Camp Eloika, and the motto is 'comfort and pleasure.'"



THE WATER WAR.

"After the fight, each warrior clings to his or to her opponent with bull-dog tenacity."

A. M. Therefore it was with a feeling of considerable surprise that I looked at my watch my first morning in camp, after being awakened by a banging together of two tin wash-basins, and saw that the hands registered past ten o'clock. After dressing, we performed our ablutions in the cold, refreshing water of the creek, and assembled for breakfast at the sound of the soul-stirring wash-basins, which took the place of bells.

No systematized routine is conducted at Eloika; everyone does as he or she pleases. Those of a literary turn of mind lie themselves away to some isolated hammock and read. Others row or sail, hunt or fish, and some play cards. The hero and the heroine of last night's camp-fire incident pile a guitar, a book and a lot of cushions in one of the rowboats and ostracize themselves for an hour or so. Along in the afternoon, however, all are drawn together by the prospect of an hour's fun in the water. Bathing suits are donned—sensible suits made to swim in, not for beach display. All know how to swim at camp, and it is not thought a great feat for any of the girls to swim half a mile; while the boy who cannot swim across the lake and back, a distance of a mile and a half, is like the man who drove the hansom cab—"not in it." One nautical sport enjoyed by all is the water fight. We divide forces, elect captains, and, each in the possession of a boat, sally forth to do battle. After considerable maneuvering, during which some effective shots (splashes from the oar-blades) are executed, the boats come together and the participants of the water-war grapple fiercely, overturn the boats, and down into the waves go the shrieking, struggling horde, each warrior clinging to his or to her opponent with bull-dog tenacity. Those that get the worst of the conflict, or who, in other words, swallow the most *aqua pura*, announce their willingness to surrender and are borne in triumph to the shore by their captors. Another exciting form of sport with the bathers is the log-race. A number of the young folks straddle logs, and race to some objective point. These races attract considerable attention and cause much merriment, for the logs have a peculiar habit of turning over unexpectedly and dumping their "mounts" into the deep.

Time never drags with the Eloikites. There is always something to engage one's interest, and the two weeks I spent at that charming spot passed quickly—too quickly. It was with sincere regret that I once more climbed into the rig, one evening, and waived my adieus to the little circle of campers gathered at the roadside to bid me Godspeed. As our horses neared the bend I turned and took a parting look. The evening shadows had just begun to gather, and through them the cluster of white tents appeared prominent. The camp-fire had been started and its flames leaped high into the air and crackled merrily. Through the trees could be caught a glimpse of the beautiful lake, with its background of tall, sombre trees. Near the other shore I saw a boat drifting aimlessly about, with a boy and a girl in it. She was strumming a guitar, and I imagined I heard her hum sweetly, "Say au revoir, but not good-bye."

VICTOR H. SMALLEY.

THE FROZEN NORTH.

So much interest attaches to every breath of news that comes from the far-off land of gold, that the following paragraphs will meet with ready appreciation from the general reader. For instance, it is worth knowing that, by an international arrangement, letter mail is now forwarded monthly via Seattle, Wash., to Dyea and thence to the Yukon gold-fields. The mail is carried by mounted police.

Latest reports from the diggings are to the effect that rich strikes have been made on the American side of the boundary at Stewart River—fully as rich as those on the Canadian side. Another report, which appears to be reliable, announces the particulars of a fabulously rich discovery on the North Fork of Mac Millan River, between 200 and 300 miles south of the Klondyke. Such reports have been expected; and, indeed, many announcements of a similar nature may be looked for with incoming mails. It is more than probable that still richer finds await the hardy pioneers in that arctic country.

But Alaska has other than gold riches. Ivory tusks of mastodons have been found there in an excellent state of preservation. Some of them weigh 150 pounds. They were found imbedded solidly in icy gravel. There is every indication that, during some prehistoric period, large bands of mastodons grazed over the great plains of the Yukon and other far-north valleys. This means, of course, that rank tropical vegetation once covered the frozen region of Northwestern Alaska; and many a strange revelation awaits those who may choose to dig into the earth for traces of the Post-pliocene period.

The more practical-minded, however, will prefer to engage in work that will return them less glory and more ducats. For these there are numerous openings. A. C. Edwards, a former United States Commissioner to Alaska, has recently returned from a three years' stay in that country, and informs the *Spokane Spokesman-Review* that fox-raising is a profitable Alaskan industry that is being engaged in by many persons. The mode of procedure is, first, to rent an island of the Government. This will cost \$100 per annum. The chief expense ends with the island and a few pairs of blue foxes to stock it with, this variety being the most valuable. The foxes are fed on fish

exclusively. When it is said that the pelt of the blue fox is worth about \$50, it will be seen that the business contains great possibilities.

Among the mass of more or less interesting rubbish that is now being printed about the Klondyke region, is an old-time Esquimaux legend that was confided to a bishop who lived among that people near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, in the British Northwest Territories. Observing that these simple Indians had gold ornaments, the bishop questioned them and learned that far away, many sled journeys, where the Mackenzie became a tiny rivulet, there lay a glittering streak of gold. In proof, the Indians exhibited decomposed quartz that was honeycombed with gold. The yellow chunks could be picked out with a knife. Further questioning developed the fact that big mountains had to be crossed in order to get around boiling rapids in the river, and that the stream must be followed until it "lost itself in heap much water." The bishop thinks that "heap much water" must be the Great Slave Lake, several hundred miles southeast of the Yukon District. He is of the opinion that near this large body of water, where, perhaps, no white man's foot has ever been set, are quartz deposits that would enrich princes and principalities. Not long ago the bishop returned to civilization. Hearing of the Klondyke craze, he confided his secret to another priest, a syndicate resulted, and now, so it is alleged, a well-equipped expedition is about to put the old Indian legend to the test.

These, and other tales of the gold country, will tend to maintain interest in the Frozen North. It matters not that thousands of thoughtless, reckless men are pressed by starvation at Juneau, Dyea, and the Pass of Skaguay. It matters not that scores of men are returning from the Yukon to the States, to escape the rigors of an Arctic winter and the pangs of unsatisfied hunger. The glint of gold lures ever. Through the pass and on to the Yukon will other men press—though the pass be filled with bones and the tents of the gold-camps house livid corpses. For a possible fortune awaits any adventurer on any of the little, vein-like streams that traverse the plains and valleys of that distant land. There are rich diggings at Cook's Inlet. At Sunrise, about one mile from the mouth of Six-Mile Creek, 400 men are at work in a district thirty miles square, and all are doing well. Other rich placers are being worked on Bear Creek, and over on Lynx Creek is more pay dirt. These creeks are located at what is called Cook's Inlet, and they are in Alaska. Walter Wheeler, who is in the mercantile business there, came to Portland recently and spoke of Alaska as follows: "It is the most wonderful mining country ever known. It is one vast body of mountains filled with precious metals—virgin territory which holds treasure yet undreamt of. In comparison with the total unexplored area, all the prospecting yet done is as a scratch of a pin on a mountain range." It is thought that the richest mining area in Alaska lies above the headwaters of the Cooper and the Sushitua rivers, northward of Cook's Inlet. The last-named stream has been followed 180 miles inland. It is a difficult country to penetrate, but one day, it is said, the world will hear of great discoveries along the Cooper and the Sushitua. Solitude, hunger, peril and hardships innumerable must be the portion of all who race for gold in those ice-bound regions, but so long as the dice thrown by fate wins now and then a prize, so long will loving and reckless men strive for the competence which only a few can obtain.

which is of the famed Cœur d'Alene Country in Idaho, which was heralded to the world in 1886. In this year there came into a mining-camp west of Bannock City, Montana, three men who were nearly exhausted. Three days before, their food had given out; and they told a tale of frightful toil and suffering. Of course, the resources of the camp were taxed to relieve them. They were reticent as to the region they came from; but when the leader, McPherson, opened a deerskin bag that he had packed on his shoulders and displayed forty pounds of shot gold, the camp went crazy, especially when it was found that the other two had sixty pounds between them.

McPherson said: "Men, you have been good to us, and I'll tell you all I know, but we went through hell to get this, and I would not go through it again for all the gold between this

El Dorado to be won by strong arms and brave hearts, and everyone went wild. The store-keepers lost their heads and sold outfits on credit, and any reputable miner could get a "grub-stake" partner; but it was significant that no inducement could tempt McPherson or his companions to go back during the winter. "Wait till spring," they said; but there was no reason in the crowd, and soon there were thousands of men tramping through Helena bound for the Cœur d'Alene. Puny, white-faced clerks shouldered hardy "49ers," all alike frenzied by the thought of the millions to be won.

Some of these adventurers had historic records. Late in February, 1887, a party of six men from Carson City were toiling up the Benner Pass when one of them pushed over a pinnacle of snow that had drifted against a

that was to make him a millionaire. He began to buy Ophir and California shares at \$2 and \$3. He used a cipher, and this he dropped in the telegraph office one day. Scae was sharp, and in a few minutes he had a copy of it just as Fair returned. After a search, the original was found among the waste on the floor. Scae at once sought a friend of his who had some money. For a year the pair followed Fair's lead. Ophir went to \$800 a share, and the friend withdrew with a fortune. "Johnnie Scae," as he was called, pitched in with such good fortune that at one time he had over \$3,000,000 in the Bank of California. His extravagance was boundless. He gave \$100,000 entertainments, helped everybody, and had an army of summer friends. But the end came, and he became a broken-down prospector, ever hopeful; but his golden visions were never real-



SHEARING SHEEP, NEAR HEPPNER, OREGON.

Three million sheep are wintered in the vicinity of Heppner every year, the wool industry having given the town a great deal of prominence.

and Quebec. We three came from the Frazer River, south, and wintered in the Bitter Root Mountains last year. The country is terrible. Narrow ravines with no outlet make travel almost impossible, for there are sometimes forty in a mile, and you must go down one side and up the other. In winter the snow falls fifty feet deep and so light and fleecy that one goes over one's head in it, and the least wind makes a blizzard, and this often lasts for weeks. We were forty-one days getting out. But there is gold in the bottoms of the ravines to be shoveled up. It is \$500 a pan, and you don't need water, for there are more nuggets than gravel. We left four hundred pounds behind that we could not pack."

Mining had been poor for two years, the smelter making all the money, but here was an

rock, and, lo! the figure of a man was revealed. They had passed many such on the road. Clearing away the snow showed a small man with a little, wrinkled face. His whole outfit was a pick, a shovel and a haversack, in which were three soda-crackers. Inside of his hat was a paper, and on this was written: "Johnnie Scae." He was known to every one of the party. In the flush days of '69, on the Comstock, he was a king, the rival of Flood, Fair and O'Brien, and lord of countless thousands. And here was the end of it—dying a homeless outcast in the eternal desolation of the mountains!

From first to last, his life was a romance. He was a mere boy when he became telegrapher at Virginia City in the early Comstock days. Jim Fair was superintendent of the Virginia mine, and was keeping secret the great "find"

ized, and his bones were left to dissolve in the rasp mountain air.

When the summer came and the snow melted, the Bitter Root trail was a Golgotha—graved with the bones of the gold-seekers. Those who survived came back broken in health; but all won gold. So rugged was the way, however, that they could bring home only what they could carry. Orvil Pinney, of Denver, sent six parties of three each, men chosen for their hardihood and knowledge. Not one of these came back, nor was their fate ever known. It was estimated that not fewer than 4,500 men perished on the Cœur d'Alene trail in the winter of 1887.

A year hence, perhaps, we shall have the record of the Klondyke gold-seekers "to point a moral or adorn a tale."



Courtship in Oregon.

The Milton (Ore.) *Eagle* tells of a peculiar but sensible courtship that is in progress in an Eastern Oregon town. The mother believes that a girl should be admired just as she is, instead of as she appears when arrayed in finery and artificial ornaments. The young man in this case is allowed to call only just after supper, and instead of being shown into the parlor he is taken to the kitchen, where he is permitted to watch the girl, dressed in working harness, wash the supper-dishes.

A Little Hop-Field World.

The writer who is looking for material in the West for either fiction or fact, can always find it in the big hop-fields of Oregon or Washington during picking time, says the Portland *Oregonian*. There can be seen a little world under novel conditions. A. M. Patterson, of Olequa, in Cowlitz County, Washington, employed 700 pickers on his crop this year. He has three dry-houses with eight furnaces, one warehouse, and 350 small dwellings for pickers. A large hall for pickers and visitors is provided, also one for dancing. Religious services are occasionally held by traveling ministers while picking is in progress. There were five stores, a meat-market, a barber-shop and numerous restaurants in successful operation at the yard, and the pickers were paid between \$500 and \$600 daily.

A Winnipeg Bill of Fare.

The following is a copy of a bill of fare at a dinner given by a member of the Conservative party in Winnipeg, Man., recently, to a select company of gentlemen:

SOUP.		FISH.	
Home-made.		Cod balls.	Blaine sauce.
ENTREES.		BOILED.	
Hash.		Shirt.	
ROAST.		GAME.	
Ice-cream.		Two-dollar limit.	
SWEETS.			
Jack-pot pie.		Conservative candy.	Dates.
UNSAVORY.		DESSERT.	
Limburger.		Chestnuts.	

It is safe to say that the guests did not gorge themselves on boiled shirt, home-made soup and roasted ice-cream, but jack-pot pie doubtless proved irresistible and was kept on the table until every appetite was appeased.

In a North Dakota Court.

Speaking of gambling, says the editor of the New Rockford (N. D.) *Transcript*, reminds me of an incident in Judge J. R. Winslow's court years ago, when North Dakota was wild and woolly. A young man was brought before the court charged with gambling. Not that gambling was ever punished in those days because it was "offensive," but sometimes a gambler was "pinched" just because his presence in the city was not so desirable as his absence.

So it was in this instance. The defendant was arraigned, and to the question of the court as to his guilt or innocence, his attorney answered, "Not guilty."

Two witnesses were examined, and they testified to having seen the defendant at the card-table playing, and that he had several large stacks of chips in front of him, some being introduced in evidence. The cross-examination

developed the fact that the witnesses saw no money in sight—nothing but chips. The defense put no witnesses on the stand, but stood on the failure of the prosecution to show an exchange of values on the result of the cards.

But the court knew the game and the gamblers too well for that, and, in the face of an eloquent plea by the defendant's attorney, he held that the chips were worth one dollar each, and then fined the defendant fifty dollars.

The defendant's attorney, in a loud voice, said:

"Do we understand the court to hold that those chips are each of the value of one dollar?"

"You do, if your hearing is not impaired," roared the court.

But you can imagine, far better than we can describe, the look on the face of the court as the defendant's counsel said to the prisoner:

"You will have to pay or go to jail," upon which the defendant stepped up to the desk and planked down fifty neat and clean poker-chips, just like the ones which the court held were worth one dollar each! The court saw he was trapped, but he never reversed the decision; and, as a smile swept over the motley crowd, the court said:

"Mr. Sheriff, you will discharge the prisoner."

Joe Spicer, Gentleman.

It was said of Joe Spicer at least three years before he was captured in the Black Hills of South Dakota, that he was a gentleman from head to heel and that he would die like a gentleman, whether in his bed or dangling at the end of a rope. In the course of time he held up five stages, robbed a dozen lone travelers and relieved an army paymaster of his chest, but he always did these things with an apology which took a good deal of the sting away. When Sheriff Bill Jackson chased Mr. Spicer into the hills and was shot in the leg and made helpless, Joe returned to the spot where he was lying and doffed his hat to him and said:

"Really, Bill, but I am sorry for this, and I hope you won't be laid up. Here's whisky—here's water—here's my horse, and I'll help you into the saddle and give you a good start toward home. I wish you wouldn't chase me around any more. You are a gentleman and I'm a gentleman, and I'd hate to shoot you."

One day, after Joe had held up the Fish River stage in his usual urbane and courteous manner, a posse struck a hot trail and ran him to earth. Through a fall of his horse he was captured; and, as he had wounded two men while the pursuit lasted, he realized that he would be tried on the spot by Judge Lynch.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his most gracious way, "am I correct in supposing that you wish to finish this job as soon as possible, in order to get back home?"

"That's about the size of it, Joe," replied the leader of the posse.

"I presume you brought along a rope—for hanging purposes?"

"Of course."

"Well, I see no reason why you shouldn't proceed to carry out your wishes. I will certainly do all I can to make it an enjoyable occasion."

"That's kind of you, Joe, and just what might have been expected. Don't you want to own up a few trifling things before you go?"

"Anything to oblige you, gentlemen."

He was then asked regarding two shooting scrapes and several robberies which the authorities were not quite clear about, and he solved the mystery by admitting his guilt. He had about \$3,000 in the hands of a friend in Custer City, and he expressed his desire to leave \$500 towards a public hospital and have the balance

forwarded to relatives. He presented his horse to the sheriff, his guns to the mayor of Deadwood, and then rose up and said:

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to cause you this trouble, but I'm here to be hung."

"Yes, Joe, we've got to hang ye. Hope thar' won't be no hard feelin's."

"Not a one. Let me see the rope. Looks to be all right. Is it that limb up there?"

"That's the one."

"You couldn't have made a better choice. I'll slip my head into the noose, if you please, as I want a sure thing of it."

"Sure you've said all you want to, Joe?" queried the leader.

"Let me see! Yes, I think I have. Where's the grave to be?"

"Over by that bush."

"That's right. Never mind about a head-board, unless it happens to come handy. Well, gentlemen, I'm ready and waiting and I wish you all a pleasant journey home."

There was a smile on his face as they pulled him up, and the smile was there as they cut him down. They said it was the smile of a gentleman, and that Joe Spicer was the gentlemanest gentleman in all the Black Hills Country.—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review*.

Aladdin Tales of the West.

If the story of the elaborate and expensive manner in which the late John C. Henderson fitted up sleeping and eating apartments for his workmen at the Clinton mine keeps on growing, it will soon exceed the Aladdin tale of the gold nugget found in Deadwood Gulch in the Black Hills of Dakota during the early mining excitement in that section. When found, the nugget's actual weight was \$3. By the time the story of the find reached Cheyenne, the nugget weighed \$300. At Omaha it had increased to \$3,000, and by the time it got to New York it was worth \$30,000. It made no attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean. Had it done so and succeeded, it would have been found strolling about London with a \$300,000 value.

Rumor now has it that Mr. Henderson made his employees wear diamonds, white linen collars, boiled shirts and plug hats while at work, and compelled them to sleep in rooms ornamented with Oriental rugs and rich oil paintings hot from the brush of the most renowned European artists. Even the carpets on the floor were richer than Li Hung Chang and were held in place by diamond-headed tacks. And the dining-room? A more elaborately furnished hashery never flitted through the paradise of rarest poet's dream. Even the Chinese cook and waiter wore many real diamonds as large as the single bogus headlight of a hotel clerk, and were compelled to yell "front" in English just as pure when one of the mine employees arrived from work in a chariot.

So far, the story of luxury has reached only the degree of extensiveness stated, but there is no telling where it will stop. There is plenty of room for it to expand, and there are numerous expanders to expand it. If the story ever reaches New York, Mr. Henderson will be pictured as a greater spendthrift than Coal-Oil Johnny. A queer part of the whole tale lies in the fact that the Clinton property has been closed down several years, and it was not until after Mr. Henderson became too ill to defend himself that his mine extravagance was heard of.—*Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain*.

Stories of Venturesome Gold-Seekers.

Some lover of adventure has been ransacking the past for incidents in the lives of old-time prospectors and mining booms, and among the tales told by him are the following, one of



MINNESOTA'S CELEBRATED FAIRVIEW FARM.

With a record of having won eighteen prizes in the horse and cattle departments at the recent Minnesota State Fair, it is not to be wondered at that the exhibit of Thos. Irvine, proprietor of Fairview Farm, of Rosemount, Minnesota, was the center of considerable attraction; and it is our intention, apropos of the interest which this magnificent showing has created, to give a concise description of this farm and its belongings.

The Fairview stock-farm is situated a mile and a half south of Rosemount, which is in the central portion of Dakota County, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. It comprises 320 acres of land, all under cultivation except eighty acres, which are in pasture. No sales of hay or grain are made, the entire crop being needed to feed the live stock, which at present consists of eighty head of cattle, thirty head of horses, and 100 hogs—all animals of high breeding and merit. The crop of this year included hay, millet, oats, barley, pease, fodder-corn, field-corn and sorghum, besides several acres of potatoes. An unusually large yield was secured in each case, and as a result the capacity of the great barns has been taxed to the utmost.

The accompanying picture shows the position of the barns, but scarcely gives a correct impression of their size and capacity. The one at the left is 40x210 feet in dimensions, with stone basement stable, well-lighted and ventilated, under the rear half. This barn contains twenty-seven box stalls, thirty-two tie stalls, water-tank, grain-bins, harness room and sep-

arator room. The mow has capacity for 250 tons of hay. Attached to the barn, on the south side, is the circular silo, with a capacity for 250 tons of ensilage, and which is now full. The second barn contains twenty tie stalls, sixteen box stalls, grain-bins, harness rooms, water-tanks, and a mow with a capacity for 125 tons of hay. The adjoining hog-pens accommodate 100 head. The poultry-houses and yards are of handsome construction and are devoted to finely-bred Plymouth Rock chickens and Toulouse geese. Then there are the workshop, machinery sheds, corn-crib, and those other necessary adjuncts of a well-equipped stock-farm—tightly-boarded paddocks, sheltering-sheds, colt-yards, etc. The entire farm is fenced with board and wire-lath fence, no barbed wire being used. Almost every labor-saving machine known to agriculture is to be found here, and everything is thoroughly systematic and orderly.

A well-built farmhouse a story and a half in height, surrounded by a ten-foot veranda, rests in the center of a verdant lawn, with graveled walks and shade-trees. In the orchard near by are apple and plum-trees; and the garden yields an abundance of vegetables in their season.

Turning now to the live stock, we find a herd of Holstein-Friesian cattle headed by Count Aaggie Clothilde 16209; a herd of Jerseys headed by Philip Pogis 37,337; a fine stable of imported Percherons headed by Francois 9424 (15485), and a rare collection of trotting and road-horses, including the registered stallions Allerto (20379), Red Prophet (16791), and the roadster stallion

Lakeland Junior. Referring to these herds separately, we will mention the leading individuals in each.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS.

The Fairview Holstein service-bulls are Count Aaggie Clothilde 16209, H-F., Netherland von Harlingen 22799, H-F., and Empress Josephine Mechthilde Chief 961, W. H-F. H. B. The accompanying picture represents Count Aaggie Clothilde, sired by Count Clothilde; dam, Aaggie's 3d daughter, out of Aaggie by Netherland Prince. As his name and ancestry indicate, he was bred by the Smith & Powell Company, proprietors of the celebrated Lakeside herd at Syracuse, N. Y., whence Mr. Irvine brought his entire foundation herd; and they say concerning his breeding, that his seventeen nearest female ancestors in this country have made milk records averaging over 15 411 pounds a year, and butter records averaging 19 pounds and 10 1-5 ounces in a week.

Hoard's *Dairyman* makes the following comment on Count Aaggie Clothilde:

"We beg every reader to carefully note the outlines of this bull. The top and bottom lines are neither level nor parallel. There is not a right angle or a straight line about him. He has a 'cowy' look all over, notably about the thin, incurving or concave thighs, the high, arching flanks, and in depth from backbone to navel. His get will take after him in these particulars, with the result that the heifers will have abundant room for capacious udders, and large storehouses in which to gather and digest the food from which to make the milk to fill those udders. And the sons, in so far as they take after him, will be fit to become in turn progenitors of dairy stock."

Mr. Irvine purchased Count Aaggie Clothilde late in 1892, in company with seven females, as the foundation from which to raise a herd of dairy Holsteins that should be second to none in the world; and the uniform excellence of their progeny, as seen in the increasing numbers of the Fairview herd, and the high producing records made, is evidence that no mistake was made in the selection. Count Aaggie took first prize at the Minnesota State Fair of 1897 in Holstein-aged-bull class, and also covered himself and his home with glory by winning the sweepstakes, as the best bull of all ages, in competition with the largest exhibit of Holsteins ever made in the West, including herds from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri.

The following milk-producing records of the



"FRANCOIS" 9424 (15485).



"MARENGO"—THREE YEARS OLD.



"COUNT AAGGIE CLOTHILDE" 16209.

current year, by members of the Fairview herd, are worthy of mention:

Belle von Harlingen (19090, H-F. H. B.), 17,019½ pounds in 241 days; Kaan's Marie 2d von Hollingen (21514, H-F. H. B.), 17,127½ pounds in 252 days; Chloe Artis Netherland (20229, H-F. H. B.), 15,830½ pounds in 287 days. These will sufficiently indicate the uniform merit of the Fairview Holsteins, which now number thirty-three head. Parties wishing to secure the choicest breeding backed by the highest performance, would do well to apply here. A native of Holland, Mr. Y. Vandermeer, who came to America with an importation of Holsteins, is in immediate charge of the Fairview Holsteins, and their superb condition reflects creditably on his intelligent handling.

JERSEY CATTLE.

With all his admiration for the large-framed black and whites, Mr. Irvine has a big compartment in his heart assigned to the sleek and beautiful Jerseys. They have their department, and, with the handling and breeding given them, they are developed to their highest possibilities. The Jersey herd is headed by Philip Pogis 37337, a magnificent bull with an exceptional build. Headed by this noble scion of his race is the herd of nine pedigreed cows and ten grades and crosses. The latter are now being offered for sale as family cows, and only full-blooded Jerseys and Holsteins will hereafter be retained at Fairview.

Nowhere in the West can there be found a finer herd of imported Percherons and standard-bred road-horses than at the Fairview farm; and we feel safe in saying that on Mr. Irvine's ranch are a lot of horses that will compare favorably with any like number of animals to be found in any stable in America. When buying them it was a question, not of price but of quality that prompted him in selecting the animals he now owns; and while every animal is of the purest and best lineage, the important point of highest individual quality was not lost sight of.

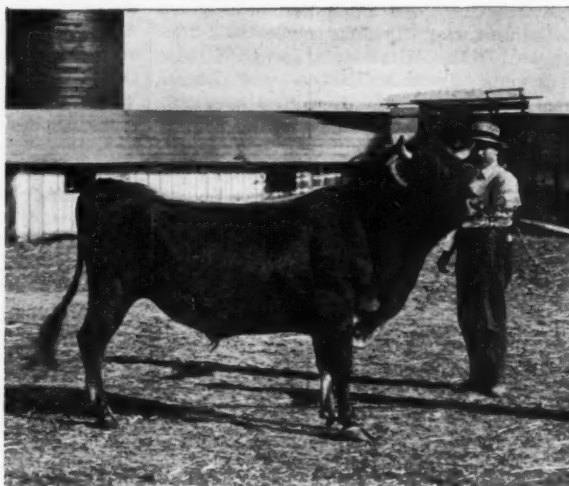
PERCHERONS.

Francois 9424 (15485), son of the noted prize-winner Gilbert 5154 (461), and grandson of the most famous of all living draft-horses, Dunham's Brilliant, stands at the head of the Fairview Percheron herd. Here is what the *Breeder's Gazette* says of the great victories won by the Brilliant family in 1889:

"The remarkable success of the Brilliant family of Percheron horses at the great annual show recently held at La Ferte-Bernard, France, may be justly characterized as a triumph rarely, if ever, equaled in the annals of

national show-rings in Europe or America. A record of twenty-nine awards out of a total of forty-eight in the stallion rings, and twenty-four awards out of forty-two in the class for mares and fillies, gained by direct descendants of the grand old horse, is something which affords an unerring indication of the value of this now famous blood, and demonstrates, indeed, the soundness of the judgment which induced Mr. Dunham to give it so prominent a place in his world-renowned Oaklawn Stud. The news of this astonishing victory from beyond the sea will add value to every horse in America carrying his blood. The American trotter has his Rysdyk's Hambletonian; the 'bang-tailed' races claim their Lexington; the Percherons have their Brilliant. Such phenomenal sires are, in every sense, 'epoch-makers' in the history of the breed to which they may belong, and their influence for good is so far-reaching in its effects and so wonderfully potent in its results that mere gold affords no adequate measure of their value."

Gilbert, the sire of Francois, has a record of show-ring victories which, if inserted in this article, would occupy several pages; they are so well-known to those interested in horses that it is not necessary to repeat them. As a prize-winner, Francois himself has a wonderful record. Before leaving Perche he was a prize-winner at the greatest of all horse-shows in France, that of the Societe Hippique Percheronne. He was awarded first prize at the Minnesota State Fair immediately upon his arrival in this country; and then, being sent to Chicago, excelled all competitors of his class at the American Horse Show, held in the Exposition Building. This greatest exhibition of draft-horses ever held in America took place in November, 1888. In 1889, at the Minnesota State Fair, he took first prize as the best three-year-old Percheron stallion, and also the special prize offered by the American Percheron Horse Breeders' Association for the best three-year-old standing in the State. Francois attracted great attention at the State Fair this year, but did not compete for a prize, having previously won his graduation



"PHILIP POGIS" 37337.

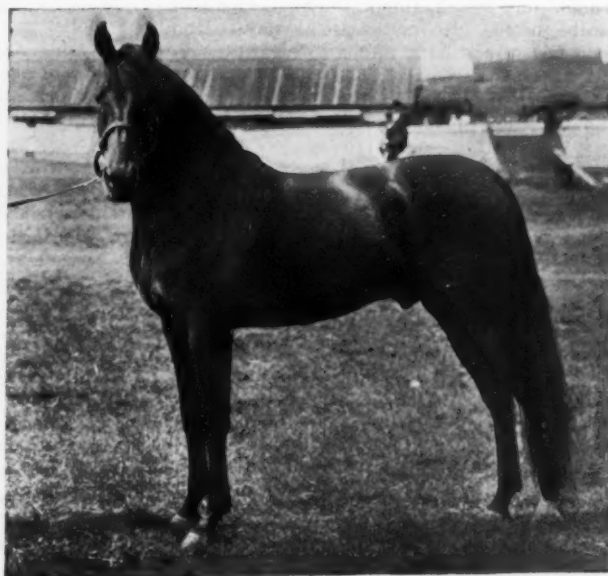
diploma. In the Percheron herd belonging to Mr. Irvine are the following imported mares; and it may be well to say that the numbers in parenthesis are those given to the animals in France before their importation here:

Albertine 9673 (8881), who took first prize at the Chicago Horse Show in 1889; Bellotte 9669 (186110), a prize-winner at the State Fair; Magicienne 9415 (9242), she and her foal Archibald having taken first prize for the best Percheron brood mare and foal at the Minnesota State Fair; Pelotte 9670 (18605). There are also two American-bred mares, Empress 18617, and Duchess 18616. The Percheron herd consists of fourteen head, exclusive of grades.

The accompanying picture of "Marengo" represents a three-year-old stallion which has just been sold to J. Halvorsen, of Glendive, Montana. This colt was one of the most attractive features of the Fairview exhibit at the State Fair, and will command attention anywhere.

ROADSTERS.

While the purpose of Mr. Irvine is to raise good gentlemen's roadsters rather than track animals, the choice of breeding stock has necessarily fallen to the trotting strains; but individual selections have been made of such size, form and action as might be expected to produce the class of horses indicated. There is no finer lot of blood-mares in the West, either as



"RED PROPHECY" 16791.

regards individuality or pedigree, than those now at Fairview. By recent purchase of Mr. J. P. Gribben, the following celebrated mares were added to the Fairview stable: Lady Mascot, Zenobia, Grendell, Rococo, and Leota. Among those previously belonging here are Lady Monroe, Jaconette, Lady Logan, Kiowa, Kalo, and Sesame. The stallions include the roadster, Lakeland Junior, and the trotters Alerto (20379) and Red Prophet (16791). The latter won first prize and sweepstakes at the Minnesota State Fair in September as champion trotting stallion. We think our readers will concur in the judgment which awarded him the blue ribbons, when they see the half-tone reproduction of his photograph which accompanies this article.

Mr. Irvine not only has a most perfect and thoroughly modern stock-farm in Fairview, but also an equally good management under the supervision of Mr. A. Kennedy, the superintendent, a stockman and agriculturist of large ability and life-time experience. The excellent condition in which everything is found is due to the energetic and capable direction of Mr. Kennedy, whose courteous and hospitable entertainment of visitors it is a pleasure to acknowledge. Mr. Irvine, who resides in St. Paul, devotes much of his time to his two farms—Fairview and Cloverdale, the latter at Lake Elmo, Minn., superintended by the well-known horseman, W. S. Bowman. At some future date we shall hope to give our readers a description of Cloverdale and its great barns, which are unique in farm architecture. As Mr. Irvine is an enthusiastic admirer of fine stock, it is not surprising that he finds so much gratification in visiting Fairview, the home of so many superb specimens of the chosen breeds.



Woodrow Wilson, the accomplished author of "Mere Literature and Other Essays," is a literary vivisectionist whose views might be read to advantage everywhere. In this remarkable series of essays are displayed a breadth of thought and closeness of observation which become apparent to Mr. Wilson's readers at once. Historian himself—searcher after facts, nature and habit have made it easy for him to discover vices and virtues, in books and in men, which, under less rigorous scrutiny, would escape notice. He criticises as unjust the tendency of scientific minds to regard everything that is unscientific and inexact as mere literature; or, in other words, a sort of book rubbish. The author holds that mere literature is very often essential literature. It is literature of the spirit rather than form. It has a quality to move one, and one can never mistake it. It frequently has a power to instruct which is as effective as it is subtle, and which no research or systematic method can ever rival. "It is not knowledge that moves the world," says Mr. Wilson, "but ideals, convictions." In another essay the author describes Edmund Burke as the "indubitable Irishman" whose imagination illuminates and suffuses his maxims of practical sagacity "with a fine blaze of insight, a keen glow of feeling, in which one recognizes intense and elevated conviction." One of the most valuable essays in this collection is entitled "The Truth of the Matter" and deals with the difficulty of compiling history that is reliably instructive and at the same time entertaining. "A picture of the past is wanted—its express image and feature; but we want the true picture, not the theatrical mat-

ter,—the manner of Rembrandt rather than of Rubens." In his final essay, "The Course of American History," Mr. Wilson sounds a word of praise for the Great West. "The 'West' is the great word of our history," he says. "The Westerner has been the type and master of our American life." But we have lost our frontier, he adds. "The Westerner will one day pass out of our life. A new epoch will open. Slowly we shall grow old, compact our people, study the delicate adjustments of an intricate society, and ponder the niceties of government." The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company and is sold by the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company.

Northwestern readers will find much to interest them in Ernest Ingersoll's latest book, "Wild Neighbors," a work which gives an account of the habits, appearance and habitat of the more important varieties of animal life. It treats particularly of the wild animals common to the American and the Canadian Northwest, giving such minute details that one is surprised to discover how little one really knows of such life. Under Mr. Ingersoll's skillful touch even the squirrel, with which everyone feels acquainted, assumes new importance and arouses new interest. He calls the puma, otherwise known as the "mountain lion," the "father of game." This animal seems never to have been very numerous. Nature provides against undue multiplication of such powerful and predatory beasts. "No machine with automatic governor, however delicate," says the author, "equals the self-acting influences that preserve, in a state of nature, unbroken by civilized interferences, the balance of an equal chance for all—a true animal socialism." A well-known authority says that the puma breeds only once in two years. Parasites help to destroy them, too. The coyote, "Ishmaelite of the desert, consort of rattlesnake and vulture, pest of cattlemen and the pariah of his own race," is given characteristics which elevate him considerably in one's estimation. Hunted and hounded though he be, he maintains himself and his tribe increases. He outstrips animals fleetest than himself. He foils those who possess far greater strength than his own. He excels all rivals in cunning and intelligence—and he abounds in the bunch-grass plains. One chapter "calmly considers" the skunk, and makes him not half so offensive as the unacquainted world thinks. All in all, it is a very readable book, good for grown folk and little folk. The Macmillan Company, 86 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., are the publishers. Price, \$1.50.

It can never be our desire to belittle the work of any author who has labored honestly and earnestly in any field of science or literature. Sincerity is always entitled to respect. "The New Dispensation and Missing Link Between Jew and Gentile," by Florence Cecil Gilbert, who is also the publisher, treats of Christian Science from a somewhat new standpoint, which, we fear, will have to await the millennium period before it can hope to be accepted by any considerable following. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." The "Word," according to the author,—who, by the way, places no new interpretation upon it,—means infinite and universal understanding, and Christian Science is the gradual acquirement, by faith, of understanding that shall enable humankind to control bodily ills as easily as the potter molds and controls the clay. Medicines, she avers, are powerless—never create a cure. It is only that we are taught to think and to believe that they are curative agents, that they ever produce the desired effect. The author

frankly admits that the world is against her system of thought cure, but believes that this attitude will change as time grows older and humanity gains "understanding." Inasmuch, however, as this "understanding" cannot come to those whose heart, thought and life are in the least impure, we are afraid, as we said before, that Mrs. Gilbert will have to await a cycle of universal goodness before her doctrine will have a chance to prove itself. The price of the book is \$2, and the author's address is 38 West 64th Street, New York.

It is nearly always the case that poor poets—we call them poets, for form's sake—are as prolific of verses as a cabbage is of leaves. And it is an astonishing fact that they can always find publishers—kind-hearted men who haven't nerve to say "no" to the most stupid muse. Now and then these verses appear in book form and are sent forth to confound an unsuspecting public. "Glismont, a Tale in Verse," by Edda Lythwyn, is a fair example of this kind of book. It contains 348 pages of very bad and of fairly good verses, an extended review of which is unnecessary. "An Interruption" possesses merit; so does "Eyrie Isle."

"A strange, sweet spot it is. One tree stands there, A mighty sycamore, niched in the hill, Whose rocky clefts are crammed with maldenhair, Spice shrubs, and golden-rod, and mints that fill The air with bracing scents—while on its height The fisher's hut stands, vine-caved, lone, and still."

Running through the book is evidently a purpose to fire the American heart with resistance against all manner of oppression, whether it be in Cuba, Europe, Asia and Africa, or in the "tyrannic monopolies" which prating Socialists so much decry. It is published by H. J. Smith & Simon, Chicago.

"Mining in the Pacific Northwest," a complete review of the mineral resources of Washington and British Columbia, with maps, is a useful volume of 152 pages edited by L. K. Hodges and published by the *Post-Intelligencer* of Seattle, Wash. The writer visited every mining district named in the book, and each district is described separately and with admirable thoroughness. Twenty years ago the mineral belt described by the author was practically unknown, and the remarkable developments of recent years will sound like a romance to those who follow the pages and study the maps of this reliable little work. Price, fifty cents.

COME BACK ASTHORE.

My colleen machree! I am longing to be
Again by your side as of yore;
The heart in my breast can never find rest,
Since you've turned your sweet eyes from our shore.

Mavourneen aroon! the sad light of the moon,
As it falls on my pathway so lone,
Seems to mourn for your smile, since you've left our
green isle,
And its beams are less bright on our home.

Alanna machree! let your heart turn to me—
In pity, colleen, I implore;
Turn my night into day, mavourneen, I pray;
Come back to our island, asthore!

Let me hear your laugh ring, like the joy-birds of
spring;
Let me see the love-light shining clear
In your eyes turned to me from over the sea;
My colleen! I wait for you here.
MARIE WINSLOW.
Seattle, Wash.

THE STORM.

The storm is abroad in its wrath and might—
God pity the souls at sea!
Oh, ye who kneel down in your homes tonight,
Give thanks for your safe roof-tree.
NINETTE M. LOWATER.
Rock Elm, Wis.



A Lesson in Orthography.

The trouble as to whether it should be spelled "Klondyke" or "Clondyke" should cease. The initial letter clearly has a hard, iron-gray sound; besides, Klondyke is a long way from the sea!—*Western Mining World, Butte, Mont.*

This Ought to be Stopped.

We never sausage a joke as this from the *La Crosse (Wis.) Press*: "Had the Widow Feldt stood by Luetgert, she probably would have been arrested as an accomplice. This experience will probably Weiner from loving another sausage-maker."

Just to Occupy Spare Time.

An exchange says that a good way to stop the ravages of the cut-worm is to wrap the plant in brown paper. This would be somewhat laborious here in this valley, where the yield of wheat and barley is fifty bushels to the acre, but if our farmers have nothing else to do they can amuse themselves by wrapping up their plants.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

A Singular Burst of Affection.

What a rental agent is called on to endure is illustrated by a postal-card which was recently received by Mr. Hardy Burton, a real estate agent in Louisville, and which read as follows: "Mister Burtin—I want them seler stares fixt rite off. My wife fed down last nite and like to brek her dam nek.

"Yours, truly, C— P—."—*Amr. Land and Title Register, St. Paul, Minn.*

It Was Certainly Disappointing.

The *Fargo (N. D.) Argus* says: "There is a lady in the State who wants a divorce because her husband has been in the habit of writing her notes to meet him in secluded spots clandestinely. It must be a disappointment to fill such an engagement and then find nothing better than the old man."

A Tit for Tat.

A certain young man who came out West a few weeks ago, soon after his arrival sent the following back home to his papa:

"Some skies are blue
And some are dark;
Please send me fifty—
Your son, Mark."

The father, not wishing to be outdone by his son, sent back the following reply:

"Some skies are blue
And some are pink;
I'll send you fifty—
I don't think."

—*Reynolds (N. D.) Enterprise.*

He Hooked a Lolikalulu.

Phil Lovell, of Beaverhead County, has a private fish-pond, and when tired of the world's cares he quietly sneaks off with hook and line to lure the speckled trout from his hidden retreat. Some weeks ago a friend of his got a young alligator from Florida, and, finding that the animal was getting beyond him, he sneaked his pet into Lovell's warm pond.

Last week Phil had another fishing attack, and he straightway sought his artificial lake. He threw in his bait, and there was a jerk that pulled him off his feet; there was a splash that

made the water seethe and foam, and before Phil's startled vision there was a reptile the like of which he had never seen before. Mr. Lovell is a big man. When he was World's Fair commissioner he weighed over 200 pounds, and it is probable that he has not fallen away since; but the speedy and splendid sprinting qualities he exhibited in running to the house were admirable.

"Great Godfrey!" he exclaimed. "Talk about your serpents! I just hooked a lolikalulu. It is seventeen feet long, has a mouth like a mule, and made for me on all fours!"—*Bozeman (Mon.) Chronicle.*

A Tale of the Endeavorers.

During the recent Christian Endeavor crusade to the Pacific Coast, several car-loads of New England delegates passed through a Washington town where the innocent native Siwash Indians are wont to congregate. As the train stopped, several young and unsuspecting Siwashes, clothed in abbreviated summer costume, and more or less picturesque, stood on the platform of the station to see what they could see. Thought of peril was far from their guileless minds. But when the New Englanders got sight of the Indians and their strange accouterments, there followed a rush and a whoop which made the citizens think that a riot was in progress at the town calatoose.

"Whoopee! Whoopee! Injins! Injins!" yelled the delegates; and then, kodaks in hand and with the fire of enthusiasm in their eyes, they swarmed from the coaches and began to level their kodaks at the surprised and open-mouthed Siwashes.

The scene that followed would cause a smile to wrinkle the face of the most stoical being on earth. Just for one instant did the young savages gaze at the array of black boxes leveled at them; then they fled. But the New Englanders were not to be cheated of their sport so easily, so about twenty of them gave chase, determined to get a snap shot if they had to run the Indians clear to the reservation limit. A few of the Indians ran around the water-tank, and others got under the platform. All were pursued. At last they broke for better cover and ran for dear life down-town, where they succeeded in evading pursuit. It was a comical sight, and it is probable that those Siwashes are not through wondering yet what sort of beings assailed them so furiously or why they were permitted to roam so freely in the calm and peaceful West.

The Dent in the Water.

People who are passing Acton Lake will notice a big dent in the water on the east side. That is where I fell in, while trying to shoot a duck. The duck was in the air and I was in the boat; after I shot, the duck was in the air, while I was in the lake. The lake didn't seem to be in good health, and extended me a very cold and damp reception. My rubber boots, which came up as far as they dared, filled and sank. People who are accustomed to sleeping in a well may enjoy hunting from the bottom of a slough, but I did not notice any pleasure, although there may have been some on the shore, where a man was so busy laughing that he did not have time to shoot at a duck which was flying two ways at once. There was a man in the other end of the boat, before it tipped over. He got out the same time I did, and after he had put back some of the lake, which he found in his gun-barrels, he struck out for a musk-rat's house, where he seemed to be acquainted. The boat did not drown, but seemed willing to float again, and we encouraged it all we could from our standpoint, which was very muddy. This boat has always been considerable of a care. When in the water, it acts very

young; any sudden shock seems to frighten it, and it shows a disposition to turn over and hide when frightened. It is all right and perfectly safe in a barn or a wheat-field, but it does not seem to be water-broke, and it is also gun shy. What the boat really needs, to make it safe to shoot out of, is a raft under it.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

A Chapter on Dogs.

The following blood-hound story of unusual dimensions comes from a South Dakota exchange. A blood-hound was first given a smell of musk, and at the end of two hours he returned with a muskrat. The second trial was more difficult—a lost poodle-dog. The blood-hound was engaged. He was given a whiff of the poodle's collar. He started out and wound up at a meat-market. Giving a loud and prolonged howl, he seized a bologna sausage and tore away to his master.

But this hound, says the *Sheridan (Mont.) Journal*, does not compare with the Sheridan dog that took a sniff at the sky and very shortly returned with a sky terrier that had been lost for a week.

Not to be outdone, this reminded the *Stock-Growers' Journal* of Miles City, Mont., of the days when Mayor Frank Conley of Deer Lodge was deputy sheriff. He took his best blood-hound into Will Savage's drug-store and gave him a smell of otter of roses. The dog started out of town on a rapid canter to Otter Creek, near the Bug ranch, and after an absence of three days he brought back an otter, more dead than alive.

Those were all pretty good dogs, but they don't hold a candle to the plain, ordinary Fargo pup that smelled of a fork and then went north to capture the blue ribbon at Grand Forks' street fair.

Where He Was Particular.

The *Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman* tells of a time when there was only one four-wheeled conveyance in a certain town in that State—a vehicle which belonged to a somewhat eccentric old man.

One day a young man wanted to hire the rig to take his best girl to ride. The owner agreed, but nothing was said about the price. Toward nightfall the young man brought the chaise back.

"How much is the damage?" he asked.

"Where'd ye go?" returned the old man.

The young man named the place.

"How far do ye call that?"

"Twelve miles."

"Nope," said the old man; "it's only ten miles."

"I tell you it's twelve good long miles, and I've been over it times enough to know."

"H'm! I traveled the road before you was out of dresses. I tell ye 'tain't but ten miles.

Both of them were losing their temper rapidly.

"Never mind how far it is," cried the young man; "you tell me how much I owe you and I'll pay you and get out."

Catching his breath, the old man thundered:

"Young feller, ye don't owe me a cent; but, by mighty! I'll be gol-durned ef ye're going to cheat me on the distance."



A THANKSGIVING REVERIE.

WASCO, THE LEADING TOWN IN SHERMAN COUNTY, OREGON.

The matchless scenery along the Columbia River on the Oregon Railway & Navigation line has already passed into "guide and wonder-book" history as one of the most attractive and picturesque features of railroad travel in the West. This stretch of unique scenery extends along the line about one hundred and seventy miles. It begins in the vicinity of Troutdale—eighteen miles east of Portland, Oregon—in almost precipitous walls, and ends at Umatilla in an expanse of undulating hills. For this entire distance an incomparable panorama of nature's erratic forces is presented to the view. The pleasure-hunter is indescribably charmed by those scarred hills and this great, rolling river; but to the settler and home-seeker in quest of rolling prairie or of smooth valley-lands, these brown bluffs and rugged peaks convey no hint of the great possibilities back of those big, seamed terraces for successful diversified farming. Thousands of travelers pass up and down this line every year and never realize that a magnificent agricultural and grazing country lies behind this interesting river, the mighty Columbia; that thousands of head of cattle and sheep roam over the ranges; that millions of bushels of wheat are raised annually on the fertile upland benches, and that all kinds of fruits and vegetables can be

cultivated successfully on both sides of the stream in this inland region.

The building of a railroad into this almost unknown territory deserves special mention, since it opens up a vast area of good wheat and grazing lands which can be purchased at very moderate prices. The Columbia Southern Railroad has already completed ten miles of road through Sherman County and is now at Wasco, the largest and most important town in the county. Sherman County is situated in the north-central portion of Oregon, and it is soon bound to be recognized as one of the best agricultural regions in the State. The railroad starts from Biggs, a station on the Oregon Railway & Navigation road, and runs up what is known as Spanish Hollow as far as Wasco, where it has its headquarters and whence all future operations are to be conducted. Making Wasco the headquarters of this line will result in an era of great local progression, the benefits of which are already being felt.

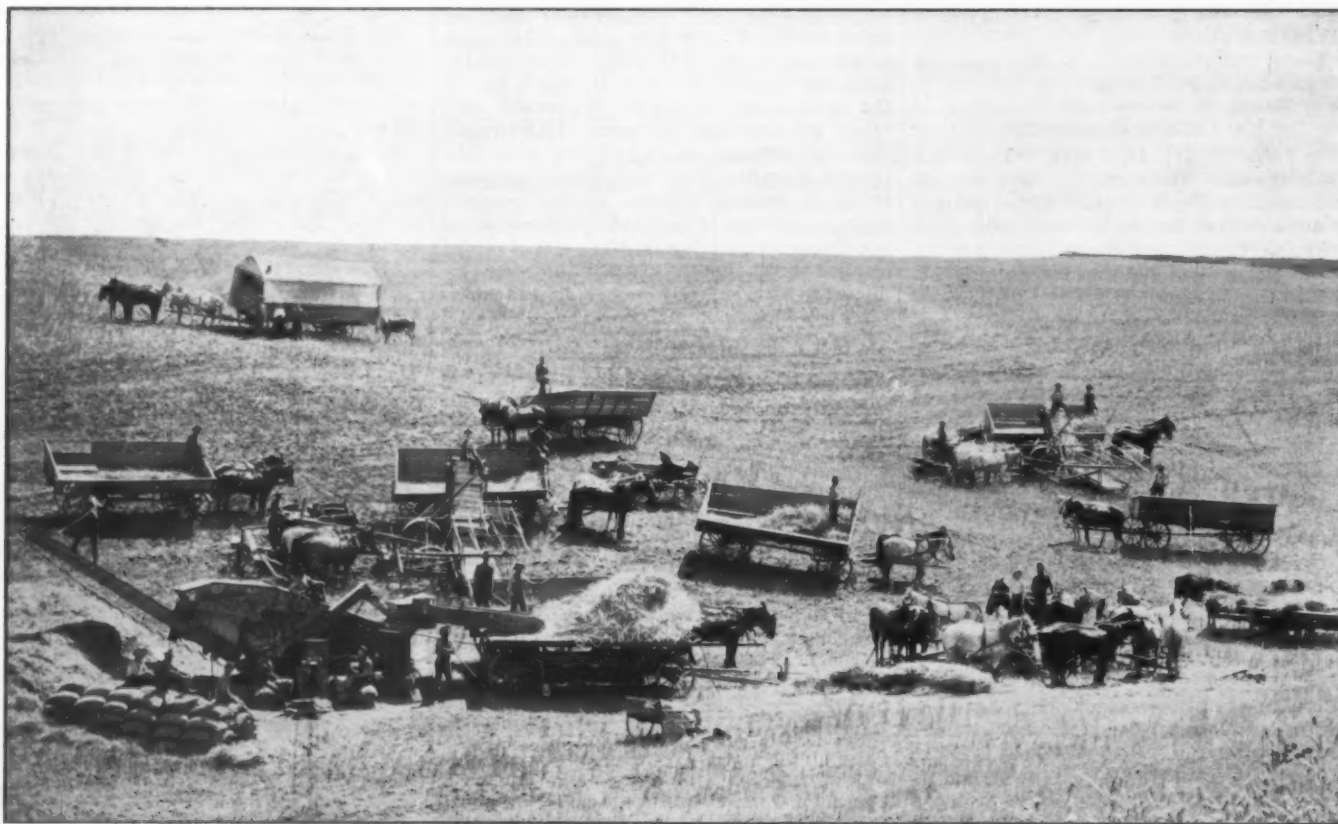
WASCO

is a neat little town of about 300 people, but the coming of the new railroad has given it a building and business impetus that is sure to more than double its population within a few months. It is fairly well supplied with business concerns, although a drug-store, a fur-

niture store and a hardware store would find splendid openings there. The place is already equipped with establishments carrying a general line of goods, and a State bank, organized in 1892, is a substantial feature of local commercial interests. There is a good and well-patronized hotel there, too. The town was not founded on railroad expectations; it was started many years prior to any railway movement in the direction of the territory now tributary to it, and was the outgrowth of a necessity for a trading-point in that vicinity. The place has been recognized for years as a trading, social and educational center, its school being graded and the best-equipped institution of learning in the county. It is supported by a large wheat-growing country which has never experienced a complete failure of crops. The soil, a brown loam, characteristic of this section of the country, is very productive and varies in depth from three to twenty feet. The average crop in the neighborhood this year was twenty-five bushels per acre. The total crop for Sherman County was 2,500,000 bushels. The great bulk of this crop will find an outlet at Wasco, where the transportation facilities, due to the new railroad, attract all farmers. The town is now a permanent, substantial business point, and there is no reason why it should not treble its present population within six months.

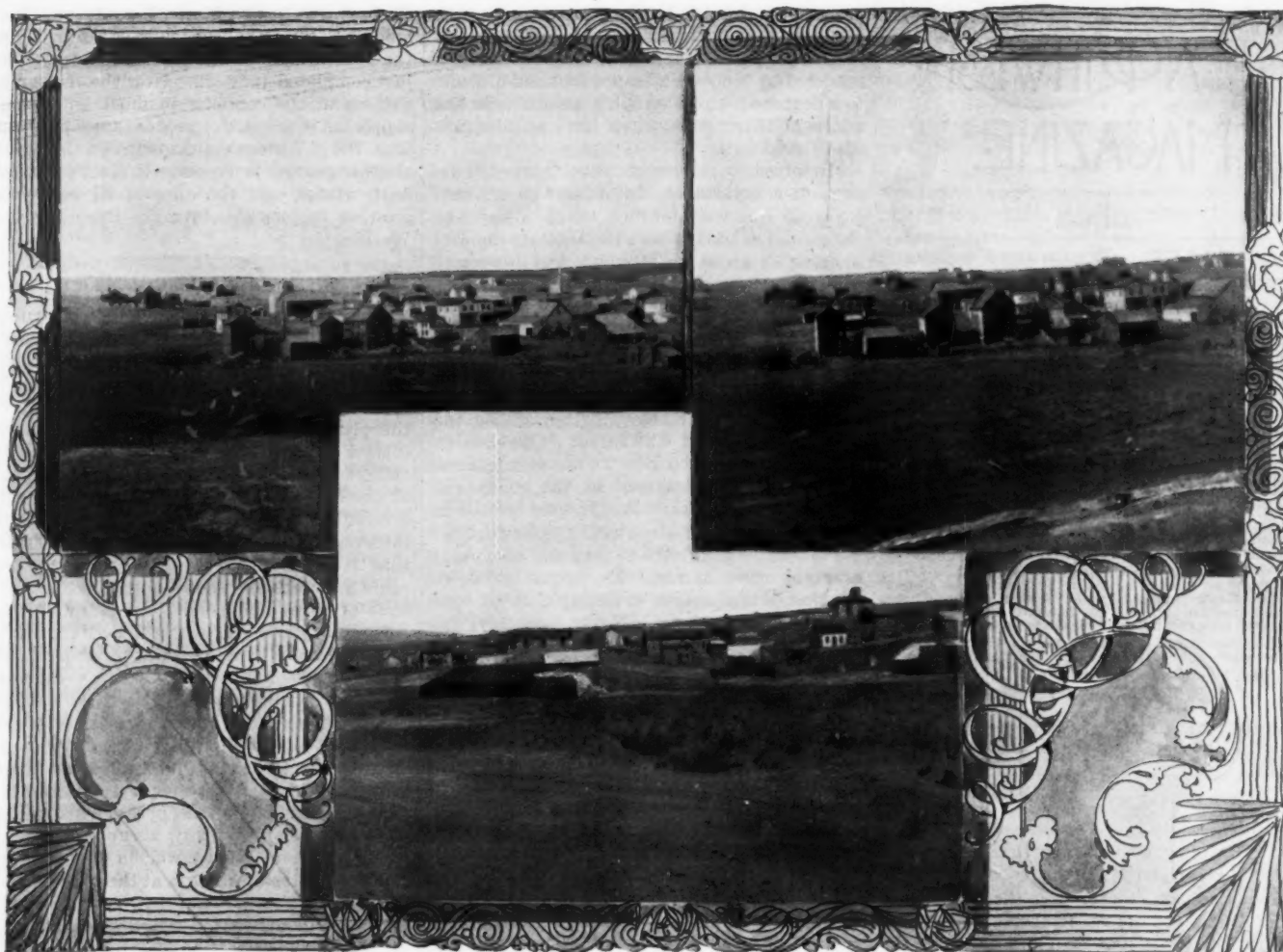
SHERMAN

is comparatively a new county and quite small when compared with other counties in Eastern Oregon, but it is more highly favored than the majority of its sister counties. It is bounded on the north by the Columbia River, on the east by the John Day River, on the west by Des Chutes River, and on the south by a strip of Wasco County which naturally belongs to Sherman. The county is twenty-four miles



A THRESHING SCENE IN OREGON GRAIN-FIELDS.

The comparatively small farmers in Eastern States, who bind their grain and haul it to barns and store it away in mows, would look with deep interest on one of these outdoor threshing scenes in the great wheat-fields of the Northwest, such as is represented in the above illustration. It will be noticed that the grain is brought in wagons direct from the heading machines, which are at work in the fields, and that it is then fed from the wagons to the threshers. There is no binding, no stacking; the work is done quickly and thoroughly and the straw is nearly always left to rot upon and enrich the soil that produced it. In very large fields there may be several threshers at work shelling out the golden grain, the scene thus presented being animated in the extreme.



SECTIONAL VIEWS OF WASCO, SHERMAN COUNTY, OREGON.

The commercial importance of this town is out of all proportion to its present population. It is the chief market for a very large and very productive agricultural country, and headquarters for the new Columbia Southern Railroad, a line which penetrates this rich territory and thus supplies it with ample transportation facilities. Lands are cheap, wheat is a great annual product, and live stock interests are growing in magnitude every year. The soil and climate are also adapted to fruit culture. All this section of country is well watered. Sherman County is in the north-central portion of Oregon, and Wasco, being the most important town thereof, may reasonably expect a very rapid growth commercially as well as in population.

north and south and eighteen miles east and west, fronting for its entire length on the Columbia River and running back on local spurs of the Blue Mountains, which are famous as great stock-ranges. Ascending from the Columbia River and reaching some point of eminence where the view is uninterrupted, one is amazed at the vast plateau which stretches before one—melting away in hazy dimness to the summit of the Blue Mountain ranges.

Sherman offers exceptional advantages to new settlers with a little money and lots of energy. Excellent wheat lands can be purchased convenient to Wasco for \$10 per acre, and well-improved lands can be bought for \$10 to \$15 an acre. Other lands, equally as productive but more remote from town, are offered at prices ranging from \$5 to \$8 per acre, and land still farther from transportation can be secured at lower figures. Certain freight-rate advantages prevail in this locality that do not apply to wheat-raising sections farther east.

The cattle and sheep industry is very attractive, just now, and is bound to continue as one of the profitable resources of the county. There is still lots of room for new settlers that have means to engage in the sheep or cattle business, and the man who is in search of good farming-lands at low prices, will find this country worthy of investigation. No idea of the region can be gained by riding along the railroad; it is necessary to leave the main line and

go back over the hills, where a pleasant surprise awaits one in as delightful a farming region as it is possible to find anywhere. Not much progress in fruit-culture has yet been made there, but several successful little orchards demonstrate the possibilities in this direction. The well-water is highly praised and can be obtained at a depth of twenty to seventy-five feet.

PROMINENT RESIDENTS.

Prominent among Wasco citizens who are enthusiastic laborers toward the development and prosperity of the town and its tributary country, stands John Medler, president of the Sherman County Bank, and also president of the Farmers' Co-operative Warehouse Company. Mr. Medler is well-known throughout this section of Oregon as a man of influence and great enterprise. J. E. McPherson, a young man who is a large land-owner in Wasco, likewise possesses admirable business qualities. He is a strong believer in the bright future ahead of this new agricultural and sheep town, and demonstrates his convictions by devoting his entire time to the settlement and development of his home country. One of the large holders of farm property, and possibly owning the largest amount of town realty of any individual, is W. H. Biggs, who is the present receiver of the land office at The Dalles, Oregon. He has bought up large tracts of fine property adjacent to and within the town limits of Wasco, and is sure to reap a bountiful harvest from his

wise investment. The cashier of the Sherman County Bank, V. C. Brock, came to Wasco in its infancy and has never doubted the now certain rapid development of the town and its surrounding country. All the above mentioned gentlemen are well-known, and any information they give relative to Sherman County property can be relied upon absolutely. They are thoroughly conversant with every feature of the country, and will cheerfully furnish any advice that may be needed by those who think of settling in that promising region.

Up to the time the Columbia Southern Railroad was built into the country tributary to Wasco, the journey was made by stage from Grants, a small station on the O. R. & N. road, the trip taking about three or four hours. It was due to this fact, and also the unpromising view obtained from the car windows of the O. R. & N. trains, that people in search of homes passing along the line were not attracted to Sherman County. It was hard to believe that the barren, brown hills and jagged peaks hid from view as fertile and attractive an agricultural district as exists in the State of Oregon. But now that this encouraging farming territory has been penetrated and opened by a railroad, there is no doubt that the coming twelve months will do wonders towards settlement and development. The people are enterprising and hopeful, and the times are propitious.

HERBERT DEANE.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1897.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

Land Commissioner Hermann has recently visited his old home in Oregon, and while there he told a reporter that he expects a lively fight in Congress next winter over the question of maintaining the forest reserves which were arbitrarily marked out on a large scale by the Cleveland administration without consulting the interests of settlers. Commissioner Hermann purposes asking a considerable appropriation to carry out the plans of forest protection. He desires to establish a complete patrol system against forest fires and depredations. He claims that sheep do not hurt the forests, while the so-called scientists insist that they do. This becomes a matter of importance, from the fact that in Oregon and Washington great bands of sheep are pastured in the forests. The scientists insist that they harm the growth of the young timber and in some cases, perhaps, dry up the streams. Oregon and Washington have been exempted from the provisions against such pasturage, the climate there permitting the quick reproduction of undergrowth stamped out by the sheep. The commissioner thinks that there will be a strong effort to stop this exemption, but he will resist it. The geological surveyors are at work to determine whether some of the sections included in the orders really come under the head of, and should be treated as, reserves. Their report is to be made by next March.

MR. ADAMS AND THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

At the meeting of the Northern Pacific board of directors, held on Oct. 7, Mr. Edward D. Adams, chairman of the board, presented a letter in which he said, that as the purposes for which the office of chairman were created had been fulfilled, it seemed unnecessary to continue the same and he desired that his name be not further considered in that connection. The board abolished the office and adopted the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That in relieving Mr. Adams of duties which have heretofore devolved upon

him by reason of his long association with the property, and which he alone was competent to perform, this board desires to spread upon its records its grateful appreciation of the services rendered by him—services arduous and difficult to a degree of which only his associates in the affairs of this company can form an adequate idea. And be it

"Resolved, furthermore, that this board desires to congratulate Mr. Adams on the outcome of his work, which must always be recognized as having been largely instrumental in bringing about the strength and prosperity of the Northern Pacific Railway Company."

Mr. Adams fully merited this praise. The plan of reorganization was very largely his work in all its details, and in carrying it through to complete success he displayed genius, loyalty and tact which have given him a high place in public estimation among the leading financiers of Wall Street. One element of Mr. Adams' strength is his fair-mindedness. All the various interests in the bonds and stocks of the Northern Pacific were treated in the plan of reorganization with absolute equity. No interest was allowed to take any advantage over any other interest. Mr. Adams laid down the line of just action so clearly that all were obliged to recognize it. Never, probably, was a reorganization of a great railway effected with so little friction, with such entire success in achieving the aims sought, and with so wholesome a rehabilitation of the property.

FROM THE LAKES TO THE ATLANTIC.

Boards of trade and other business bodies throughout the Northwest ought to give early attention to the recent report of the board of engineers appointed by the President to examine routes for a ship canal to extend to the Atlantic the navigation of the Great Lakes. If a general endorsement is now given to this report, it will be taken up in Congress next winter and may be made the basis for an appropriation to begin the proposed work. With better times will come larger revenues to the Government, and a great project of internal improvement will have a chance of interesting the Congressional mind. The board of engineers, it will be remembered, reported in favor of a deep ship canal around Niagara Falls that will do for the commerce of the present day what the Welland Canal did for the commerce of fifty years ago; that is to say, admit the largest vessels navigating the lakes. This canal will open Lake Ontario to the shipping of all the upper lakes. From Ontario it is proposed to reach the Hudson by way of the Oswego and Mohawk rivers, a route that requires very little actual canal digging and which will make use of slack-water dams for a large part of the distance. From the Hudson, near Troy, down to New York, the route is already open. The great merit of this route lies in the fact that it utilizes the existing deep water of Lake Ontario and of the Hudson River for the greater part of the distance between Lake Erie and the sea. The cost of engineering and construction is estimated at about 122 million dollars, and, as ten years will be required to complete the work, the expenditure will be so divided into annual appropriations as to be no serious burden to the national treasury. It is easy to figure that the cost of the work will be saved in a few years by the reduction of the rate on wheat from Duluth and Chicago to New York.

Unless the matter is taken up and agitated by the farming and business interests of the Northwest, the canal project will go to sleep in Congress; for nothing is done in that body except in response to a distinct and imperative popular demand. The Deep Waterways con-

ventions held in former years at Grand Forks, St. Paul, Sault Ste. Marie, Toronto, and Cleveland, resulted in legislation at Washington for the appointment of the commission which has just completed its work. Now the recommendations of the commission must be strongly supported if they are to produce appropriations. The Deep Waterways Association should call another general convention to meet some time next winter, and the voice of all our wheat-growing regions should make itself heard in Washington.

THE COTEAUX COUNTRY.

A peculiar and interesting belt of country runs through the two Dakotas on the eastern side of the Missouri which is known locally as "The Coteaux," and on the early maps figures as the "Plateau du Coteaux du Missouri." Its general surface is about five hundred feet above the valley of the James River on the east and that of the Missouri on the west, and it is greatly diversified by numerous ranges of low hills and intervening valleys. One of its peculiarities is that it has no streams, all its drainage from rains and melting snows going into a multitude of lakes and ponds. In many of these lakes and ponds the waters are strongly alkaline, while the waters of the other ponds and lakes are good and sweet. Often a sweet-water pond and an alkaline pond are within a stone's throw of each other. Seen from the east, from the valleys of the Pipestone or the James, the Coteaux look like a range of low, treeless mountains, but the ascent to them is so gradual that this similitude quite disappears when you get close to the first really abrupt rise in the ground. From Jamestown, on the Northern Pacific, to Steele, which is at the highest point on the Coteaux, a distance of fifty-nine miles, the rise is 462 feet. Roughly speaking, the plateau may be said to be about sixty miles wide, descending more abruptly on the east than on the west, where the fall to the Missouri River is only 241 feet. The soil of the Coteaux is a good brown loam, but in most places this rests upon gravel, making the land too dry for farming. In some localities there is a profusion of boulders lying thickly on the surface of the ground, which were evidently deposited from glacial drift. In the depressions, or valleys, the surface loam frequently has a clay subsoil, and here wheat and oats are raised successfully.

The whole region is very sparsely peopled. Everywhere there is a good deal of unclaimed Government land, and for forty miles on each side of the Northern Pacific the original land grant of that company of every alternate section is mainly unsold. The large areas of virgin land on the Coteaux make this region inviting to the examination of new settlers who want to establish themselves in the Dakotas—particularly in the north State. All this land is well-grassed and is excellent for pasturage for cattle and sheep. By using homestead and pre-emption rights, and by purchase from the railroad company, it is practicable to get a considerable extent of territory which can be fenced for a permanent stock-ranch, the cost involved being small. On the low grounds, wild hay can be cut for winter feed. Corrals for sheep can be constructed cheaply. For horses, no winter provision is made, the animals running out all winter and picking up a living from the dried grass. There are still many unoccupied locations where fields of grain and potatoes can be made and fair crops raised. The wave of immigration which filled up the eastern part of the Dakotas with settlers during the five or six years beginning in 1878 or 1879, did not flow over the Coteaux, and only in isolated spots are

communities of farmers to be found. All the rest of the region is still vacant and open. In the new Western movement, which will doubtless begin pretty soon, now that the country is climbing out of the deep rut of business depression, we may expect that this extensive region, traversed as it is by railroads and lying close to well-settled districts and large towns, will come into notice and attract a permanent population of stockmen and farmers.

CANADIAN ENGLISH.

An English traveler who visited Canada recently has been writing letters about the country to the *St. James Gazette* and hurting the feelings of the Canadians by complaining of the way in which they speak the English language. He was struck by the Americanisms in the talk of the Canadians. They speak English—of a sort, he says. He felt himself a stranger in a foreign country. "Of all the forms of speech I have ever heard," he writes, "that of the common Canadians is the most indistinct. I have repeatedly sat within a few feet and listened to them without being able to make out more than one word in six. I have often asked a question and failed to understand a single word of the answer." At first he thought the Canadian accent sounded very much like the American accent, but he discovered, later, that the difference is very great to American ears. He is convinced, however, that the Canadian speech is nearer to American than it is to English. "Nova Scotia and British Columbia have much less of the twang than Ontario, but the central Province, with all deference to the others, must be taken as the most representative. It is the richest and the most populous, and it is almost wholly British."

The *Winnipeg Free Press* takes these criticisms on Canadian speech very good naturedly. It says that Canadians have thought that they had no accent, but that this is because they do not see themselves as others see them. They had not suspected themselves of Americanisms, yet, if they could discover the truth, they should probably have to admit that there is a Canadian twang not unlike, to the ears of a stranger, the twang of the Americans. Of the use of words in Canada that are Americanisms there can be no doubt. The *Free Press* quotes what it calls the flagrant misuse of "elevator" for "lift," although we cannot see why one word is not just as expressive as the other, and elevator certainly sounds more elegant than lift. With its condemnation of the use of "depot" to designate a "railway station," we heartily agree. A depot rightly means a place of deposit and storage for goods. Why "railroad" is not just as good as "railway," we cannot see; nor why it is not just as proper to say the "track" as the "line," or why our "street-car" is not a better term than the English "tram-car."

The truth about American English is that it is mainly old English as it was spoken in England at the time of the establishment of the American colonies. We have preserved the language in its purity, while the English have changed it in an effort to make the dialect of London the language of the kingdom. Richard Grant White, in his studies of this subject, discovered almost every peculiar Americanism in the writings of early English authors, and found most of them still in use in the English counties remote from London influence. Even the Yankee pronunciation of "cow" and "girl" may still be heard in Lincolnshire. Probably the worst English spoken anywhere is that of the common people of London. When it comes to setting up a standard for the language, it is only reasonable to maintain that the speech of a continental nation of 70,000,000 people furnishes a better authority than that of an insular

nation of 30,000,000 inhabitants, where the language is greatly corrupted by provincialisms and affectations. The best English is no doubt spoken in America. It lacks the pleasant cadence that educated English people employ and which gives a certain almost musical intonation to their speech, like that of Italian, but it is clear, distinct, and easily understood; whereas an American has to pay very close attention to make out what an Englishman is saying. Old Noah Webster was right when he entitled his first dictionary "A Dictionary of the American Language."

There are many verbal differences between American English and English as it is spoken in England, but the main difference is in accent or intonation. The following anecdote will show how wide are frequently the verbal differences. An American girl was playing billiards in an English country-house, when, after making a shot, she exclaimed, "Oh, that was a scratch!" Her hostess kindly reproved her for using what she said was a vulgar expression. "Well, what would you call it, if not a scratch?" asked the American. "Why, we would call it a beastly fluke," replied the English lady. In London, if you ask for a pair of suspenders—in what we call a gentlemen's furnishing store, and what they call a haberdasher's shop—the attendant will tell you that he does not keep them and that you must go to the chemist's.

THE MONUMENT.*

Here I stand, aloof, elate,
The white sentinel of fate,
Through whose fringe of priestly
oaks,
Druid-like, the tree-toad croaks.

On the long slope, stark and lone,
Sleeplessly I guard mine own,
Where the Baldwin highway crawls
Down the green vale to the Falls.

Warm and close, beneath my gaze
Stand the homesteads, dim with haze,
Wrapped in silence, and content
As the calm eyes o'er them bent.

Fieldward, sons and grandsons toll
On the self-same, stubborn soil,
Where, with strange eyes, I beheld
How their kinsmen toiled of old.

In the bygone Mays and Junes,
Under bygone suns and moons,
Here, where my lone shadow falls,
Townfolk held their festivals;

Blithe and babbling, all day long
Stormed about my feet with song—
All day long, or high in air
Scaled my sides and shoulders bare.

Ah, the young hearts of today
Are not more unconscious—nay,
Nor more free of youth's young gold,
Than the fine-tuned hearts of old!

And, ye trysting souls that fare
Down the twilight coverts there,
Think not that your sweet eyes trace
Fond surprises in my face;

Think not, though the faint blush
starts,
And new raptures throng your hearts,
'Tis the first this heart hath known
Of fine frenzies like your own.

Men long since, with maids as true,
Walked this pathway wet with dew.
Laughed, and kissed glad hands at me
In their new-found ecstasy.

Where now are the blameless gay
Who went smiling down the way?
Yonder, where the white slabs gleam,
Bygone loves and lovers dream!

Nor think still, beloved of fate,
That with envious breath I prate;
Though in cynic scorn I laugh
At the swift, keen joys ye quaff.

You discover that what he means by suspenders is a certain surgical apparatus, and that he calls the article you want "braces." A locomotive engineer is called a "driver" and a fireman a "stoker." Where baggage-checks are used at all, they are called "brasses." To ride means to bestride a horse—never to go in a carriage or on a train. No one would know what you mean if you should ask, on landing in Liverpool, where you can get the cars for London, because a car is a big baggage or furniture-wagon. But where you find such differences you do not find that the English word has anything to recommend it as superior to the American word. "Waistcoat" is no better than "vest," nor is "topcoat" preferable to "overcoat." "Cab" is a short and convenient word for a public vehicle, and it is coming into use in America; but there is no sense in calling "shoes" "boots," or an undershirt a "vest," and "dress" is as good as "gown" for a woman's outer garment. We do not find "costermonger" or "charwoman" convenient words, and we think "socks" much preferable to "half-hose." We object, most of all, to the common and indiscriminate use by the English of the word "nasty" to describe anything that is disagreeable, from the weather to a cold in the head; we employ this word only to apply to something that is decidedly filthy, and we are shocked at its free use by Englishmen and English women.



THE MONUMENT.

*In St. Croix County, Wisconsin, there is a huge formation of sandstone called "The Monument." Though much reduced during the last generation or two, by the action of the weather and by human vandalism, it is still some sixty feet high. It stands quite solitary, and overtops most of the countryside.

Deep, deep in my heart of stone
Sweet remembrance sits alone;
Men, forgotten, matrons gone—
These the themes I think upon.

'Tis not mine to chide or bless,
Mine to sing life's loveliness;—
Lo, the lone watch, wrought in sand,
For the storms of time I stand!

Doomed and dwindling, year on year
Still my unbowed head I rear;
Crumbling still, but still unspent,
God's and man's mute monument!

River Falls, Wis.

EDWIN T. REED.



WE hear from all parts of the hard-wheat belt that a greatly increased acreage has been plowed for next year's crop over that in cultivation this year. With a fair yield, there is reason to think that the total crop in the hard-wheat regions will be twenty-five or thirty per cent greater in 1898 than in 1897. In Washington, the crop this year was enormous, but in Minnesota and the Dakotas the threshing-machine returns disappointed expectations.

THE Government Deepwaterways' Commission has made a careful and thorough report favoring the selection of the Lake Ontario route. This will require a canal around Niagara Falls, and a canal system from Oswego by way of the Oswego and Mohawk rivers to the Hudson. The total cost is estimated at 122 million dollars, which is by no means prohibitive or discouraging. The appointment of the commission was the result of a public agitation begun at an international convention held in St. Paul about five years ago.

THE Dunkard settlers that went into North Dakota in large numbers last spring, occupying lands in Wells, Foster and Eddy counties on the Jamestown Northern Railroad, and also in the counties north of Devil's Lake, are said to be well satisfied with the country and to have made great progress in the improvement of their farms. They will be followed next year by large reinforcements of their co-religionists. They are an excellent class of people, industrious, economical, honest, and they take hold of the problems of life in a new country with zeal and intelligence.

A REAL estate agent at Hawley, a village on the Northern Pacific main line, about midway between Brainerd and Moorhead, reports that he has sold 160 pieces of land during the past year. This is a pointer on the steady movement of new settlement into Northern Minnesota. The northern half of this State is still almost a blank on the maps except where the numerous lakes and streams are indicated, but it has a great deal of good land, lightly timbered, and railways are advancing into it from three sides. We look for a large development in that region during the period of good times which has just begun.

A FEW years ago there was a popular agitation in the West to prohibit foreigners from acquiring ownership of land. It was largely a fad, but it produced legislation in many States which in course of time has proven to be an obstacle to the enlistment of foreign capital in legitimate projects for the development of the resources of the country. Nowhere in the West is land an attractive form of investment; a few foreign corporations which bought large areas from railroad grants have found this out to their cost. They were not able to get in money enough from sales of the lands so acquired to meet the taxes, and most of them have gone into bankruptcy. All the statutes prohibiting aliens from acquiring titles to land should be repealed. They interfere with the free use of capital, and they are a positive detriment to

Western development. They grew out of a silly idea that the foreigners meant to buy up the whole country and make tenants of our farmers. The buying of land for the sake of reselling it at an advance is one of the poorest sorts of business, because the land yields no revenue and there is a constant outgo for taxes.

THE remarkable increase in the earnings of the Northern Pacific attracts attention from railway men and financiers in the East as well as in the Northwest. During the month of September the gain over the same month of last year was \$670,000, and the increase for the three months ending October 1 reached the very handsome total of \$950,000 over the corresponding period of 1896. During the first three months of the present fiscal year, which began July 1, the total net income of the road was \$2,828,369, which was over half the sum required to pay its fixed charges for the entire year. A dividend on the preferred stock now looks very near at hand.

NEXT year there will be thousands of men on the Yukon and its tributaries mining for gold. Towns will be established and new transportation routes opened. All these people must be fed, and the country produces no food supply. The nearest region where food products of all sorts are abundant is the State of Washington, and from this State will be drawn chiefly the beef, mutton, flour, fruits and canned goods that will be required. This new demand will be of great advantage to the farmers and business men of Washington. Everything they can raise will be salable at a good price. The canning of meats, vegetables and fruits so as to fit them for transportation in compact form and preserve them from decay, will also become a very profitable business.

EXPERIMENTS with the Campbell soil-culture method, made in North Dakota during the past season, were highly successful. This method, as we have hitherto explained, seeks to convert semi-arid lands into good farms by making the most of the rainfall they receive for the nourishment of plant life. It employs special implements. The ground is first packed a short distance below the surface by an implement somewhat resembling a cultivator. Then the grain is sown in rows. During the period of growth the land is repeatedly stirred or mulched between the rows by a cultivator specially designed for this use. The packing of the ground retains the moisture near the roots of the grain by keeping it from soaking in too far, and the surface cultivation prevents caking and permits the moisture to be drawn up by capillary attraction to feed the plants. Fields tilled by this method yielded over twenty bushels of wheat to the acre; while adjacent fields, left to chance after seeding, gave only eight or ten bushels. Mr. Campbell appears to have made a discovery that will eventually convert the entire semi-arid belt, stretching from Manitoba to Texas, into good farms.

PEOPLE are not going to give much time or thought to politics during the next two or three years. Most men feel the need of giving all their energies to repairing the damages in their business affairs produced by seven years of bad times. Besides, it looks as if there would be no great issues to fight over. The basis of the currency is not at all likely to be disturbed by legislation, and the disposition will be to let the new tariff alone until experience has shown whether it is good or bad for general business and labor interests. If it turns out to be a good thing, no party will venture to assail it. No new questions are

looming up on the horizon of national politics. The only questions that are being agitated below the surface of public life are those which have a socialistic bearing, and here the agitation comes mainly from

"Men who have yearnings
For an equal division of unequal earnings."

The thrifty and industrious members of society have no notion of dividing with the idle and unthrifty, and, as a majority of voters in the United States own something, there is no danger of a general shaking up and redistribution of property.

AMONG the many attractive little booklets published from time by the Northern Pacific Railway Company is one just issued by the land department under the title of "Lincoln County, Washington." Within the space of twenty-three pages is compiled much valuable information, eight full-page engravings, and a complete sectional map of the county named. The extent and resources of the State are shown, and everything that one would wish to know of a new country is told of Lincoln County, which contains about 1,500,000 acres. Soil, temperature, rainfall, schools, towns, markets, the products of the county, etc., are all treated concisely, and the map shows what lands are controlled by the Government and those that are owned by the Northern Pacific. Lincoln County is in the famous Big Bend Country, where fruits and cereals grow to perfection. A more extended description of this region will be found on another page, however, so that further mention of it need not be made here.

COLONEL YOUNG, the new superintendent of the National Yellowstone Park, has made an interesting report to the Government, from which it appears that the season just closed has been the banner one for travel in Wonderland. Up to the 20th of August, this year's tourist travel has reached the unprecedented number of 8,720, a large part of which was credited to the Christian Endeavor excursionists. Of the visitors, 3,842 made the trip through the park by the regular stage route, 3,326 by private conveyances, and 1,255, by licensed camping rigs. The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel fed 1,341 people in one day. It is to be hoped that, under the new park management, there will be less militarism than there was under the old regime, when a respectable gentleman was arrested by soldiers and put in a guard-house for three days for the terrible offense of writing his name with a lead pencil on a piece of "formation." Rules must be enforced, of course, for the protection of the natural wonders, but they can be enforced too strictly.

Few people who are not actively engaged in the business of railroading have an opportunity to keep informed on the great progress that has been made in recent years in reducing the expense of transportation. The writer of these notes was looking at a photograph of a new compound locomotive in the office of the general manager of a transcontinental line, the other day, and the official, explaining its advantages over the old model of locomotives, said that it hauled fifty per cent more tons and burned forty-three per cent less coal. The steam, he said, is first used at high pressure in a small cylinder on one side of the engine, and is then used again at low pressure in a large cylinder on the other side; so that instead of blowing it off into the air, with much of its expansive force still unused, it is thus made to do double duty. A minor saving is effected by running a steam pipe into the tank on the tender and raising the water nearly to the boiling-point before it goes into the engine. □ A good general

manager, nowadays, has to know a great deal about engineering and mechanics. He constantly reduces the grades on his line to increase the length of his freight trains, employs larger engines, and makes machinery do the work of men in many directions. The average cost of hauling one ton a mile is the important thing to keep in view, and great efforts are made to reduce this figure.

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We are likely to soon see in Montana an instance of long-distance transmission of electric power that will be interesting. The Diamond Hill Mining Company has just completed a very large stamp-mill on its property near Townsend. Dependence was placed on water-power obtained from a small creek, to run the mill, but when the mill was ready to begin work it was discovered that the power was wholly inadequate to operate the machinery. To put in a steam engine and haul coal from the railroad would be too expensive, and the company now expects to get electric power from the dam being built across the Missouri River, forty-three miles distant. This distance is about the same as that over which power is now successfully conveyed from Ogden Canyon, in Utah, to Salt Lake City, and there is no reasonable doubt that the experiment will be a success. Montana will some day find a new source of wealth in her numerous good water-powers, which can be set to work producing electric currents for running the machinery of mines, mills and factories.

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THE new era of active business is not likely to witness any great amount of railway building in the Northwest, for the reason that all productive regions are already pretty well occupied by existing lines, which, as a rule, have been built ahead of the supporting power of the regions they serve. There are, however, a few gaps to close up and a few regions where settlement has actually gone in advance of railroads. Premier Greenway's Manitoba government road from Winnipeg to Duluth is likely to be built and will open up much good new country in the extreme northern part of Minnesota. Mr. Hill will no doubt soon close the gap between Fosston and the terminus of the Duluth and Winnipeg road, a work which, we believe, is already begun. In North Dakota the Northern Pacific may extend its Milnor line as far as LaMoure, so that its end will not hang in the air. The Cooperstown branch of the same company may be extended northward. In Montana the Pony branch may go on to Virginia City, which is now the only town in the State of any consequence that has no railroad. In Idaho, the line down the Potlatch and the Clearwater River, already partly graded, will no doubt be finished into Lewiston. In Washington, it is possible that before long a local line may be built to develop settlement in the Sunnyside irrigated valley. This is about all the construction that can be said to be in sight, except in British Columbia, which is essentially a very new country and in which recent mining developments are stimulating a good deal of railway building. A short line from Vancouver to the Trail Creek mines is projected, and also a Canadian Pacific line across the Rockies to the camps of the Kootenai District.

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THE recent burning of the Hotel Lafayette at Lake Minnetonka will be regretted by many thousands of people who have enjoyed summer rest on its broad piazzas and in its comfortable rooms. The Lafayette was the largest hotel in the Northwest and was only equaled for size in the East by a few of the great houses at Saratoga and on the seashore. It was built in 1881 by the old St. Paul, Minneapolis and Man-

itoba Railroad Company, which has since been absorbed by the Great Northern. At that time there were so many people from the South seeking our Minnesota lake resorts that the house was found to be too small for its custom, and it was nearly doubled in size the next year. In September, 1882, it was the rallying point for the excursionists invited by Henry Villard to assist in the opening of the Northern Pacific road. Distinguished people came from all parts of Europe and the United States, and, after a banquet given by the two cities, the guests departed from the platform in front of the hotel in four long trains made up of private cars, Pullmans, and dining-cars. Many other interesting public events have taken place in the big hostelry. Of late years the Lafayette has not paid expenses, and the deficiency has been made up by the Great Northern. Summer travel fell off, owing to the hard times, and it became the fashion for the wealthy class of lake visitors to avoid the hotels and live in cottages. The Lafayette became a white elephant on the hands of the railroad company, and the Great Northern officials were probably not sorry to see it go up in smoke and flame and to realize the very moderate insurance. Conditions have changed since 1882, and it is hardly probable that we shall see another big hotel go up on any of our charming Minnesota lakes. Cottages will multiply, however, and the little family hotels will continue to do a good business.

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A SMALL volume of poems entitled "Black Mammy, a Southern Romance," by Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher, has just been issued by the H. J. Smith Publishing Company of Chicago. The romance is told in negro dialect, for the most part, and the book is well illustrated with scenes from Southern life by the pencil of Thos. J. Nicholl. Colonel Will Visscher was for many years a prominent character in the journalism, politics and social life of the Puget Sound Country. He edited a paper in Fairhaven, made political speeches, delivered literary addresses, and made a strong impression by his unique personality and genial character. A born poet of Southern origin, trained in newspaper work by Geo. D. Prentice of the old Louisville Journal, he was not much at home in the rush and struggle for material

wealth that characterized the beginnings of civilization in the great forests along the shores of Puget Sound. He made many friends, however, and it was a delight to them to spend evenings with him, listening to his anecdotes and hearing him sing his melodious songs. The decline of Fairhaven sent him to Tacoma to do editorial work for a time, and from Tacoma he made a long leap back to his old Southern home in Alabama. He has since been engaged in literary work in Chicago and in the South, taking up again the inspiration of his early work in the peculiar types of his native region and in the hospitable, lazy, sentimental life of that section. This volume will be heartily welcomed by many friends who appreciate its author's genius. Some of the shorter poems are accompanied by musical notes. Colonel Visscher has laid aside the harp of the North, and he says, in his poem to "Black Mammy,"—

"More fit for me a sweet refrain
Of home and long ago.
Harp of the South, I strike again
The dear, old, quaint banjo."

AN ELECTRICAL SANITARIUM.

Recent numbers of this magazine have contained liberal mention of the now well-known cures effected by Dr. G. F. La Paul of No. 24 Washington Avenue North, in Minneapolis, through the medium of electricity. It has been shown that this skillful physician and electrician has wrought cures where all hope had fled, that he attacks tumors, rheumatism, joint diseases, kidney complaints, nervous exhaustion, feminine troubles, etc., with perfect confidence. In his hands the electric current seems to be vital indeed—since it restores vigor, drives disease from the system, and renders life once more worth living. A very notable result of Doctor La Paul's success is evident in his fine, home-like sanitarium, an illustration of which accompanies this article. It is within easy reach of his office, and stands in one of the loveliest and most healthful localities in the Northwest. Open the year round, it contains an office, parlors, dining-room, and affords cozy accommodations for about 120 guests. It is a health-home in very truth, a monument to Doctor La Paul's untiring zeal and great success in treating and in relieving human maladies.



THE MODERN ELECTRICAL SANITARIUM OWNED AND OPERATED BY DR. LA PAUL, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

A BIG STORE'S BIRTHDAY IN MINNEAPOLIS.

September 23 was the fourth birthday of S. E. Olson Co.'s "Big Store." Four years ago the immense establishment was opened to the people of the Twin Cities. Since that time it has continued to grow in magnitude as a business house, until it is now, beyond question, one of the leading stores in the whole Northwest. Mr. Olson has made for himself the name of being one of the most progressive merchants in this portion of the United States, and his name is used as a synonym for uprightness and advancement in connection with all prominent mercantile enterprises. He has surrounded himself with capable lieutenants that have his entire confidence, and the esprit de corps is marked throughout the house. A score of buyers go East twice a year for the purpose of making purchases in their departments, and on the market it is well known that there are no shrewder, no more careful men in the business than those who hail from the "Big Store" in Minneapolis.

One feature of the Olson establishment is the constant endeavor on the part of the management to provide new and easy methods for facilitating business, both for the benefit of the house itself and also for the advantage of customers. It is a pleasure to trade in a store where all modern appliances are found; and the patrons have discovered this fact, both to their own satisfaction as well as to the benefit of the proprietors. On every floor and in every department can be found a novel device for expediting trade and directing it through the proper channels. Many of these are marvelous devices from the shops of the most skillful mechanics in the world, while others are simple and unobtrusive, at the same time answering



S. E. OLSON COMPANY'S "BIG STORE," MINNEAPOLIS.

the purpose for which they were intended as nothing else could.

Along the gallery, or balcony, which runs across the front of the mezzanine floor, where are located the offices of Mr. Olson, the buyers' room, advertising department and superintendent of decorations, have been placed five dainty lodges, similar to those seen in modern theaters. In these lodges it is the custom for visitors to sit during the busy hours of the day and watch the throng of people as they move from one department to another. They are a great

throughout the store. The elevator service is one of the most prompt and best equipped in the city, several changes having recently been made to its advantage. The photo gallery is located on the top floor, with all modern appliances; and the arrangements in connection with the restaurant, which is located in the basement, make it one of the best in the city, while prices are all on a "Big Store" basis.

General salesmen, speaking every language heard in this State of many languages, are always at the service of visitors and it is a great relief to many to be able to gain information, have a chat and give their orders in a language well known to themselves.

The windows of the establishment are said to be the largest of the kind in the United States, and they are always filled with attractive displays. It is the custom to have various attractions of a pleasing kind in these windows, especially during gala times. To a person unacquainted with the details of such displays as the "Big Store" makes, it is impossible to appreciate the amount of money it is necessary to lay out; but it is an item that is seriously considered by any merchant, no matter how big his establishment is.

Strangers ask for a view of the famous car, "Blaze of Glory," but it has been taken off the lines and now lies in a dismantled state in the shops. It leaves a feeling of regret that its existence was so short.

A birthday with the "Big Store" is an important affair, not alone to the employees and management, but to the people. The occasion marks another milestone in the career of an establishment dear to the hearts of the people and famed for the every-day fulfillment of its motto—"First in Everything."



MILLINERY DEPARTMENT AT OLSON'S "BIG STORE."



THE "BIG STORE'S" GREAT CARPET ROOM.



HEADQUARTERS FOR FURS AT OLSON'S "BIG STORE."

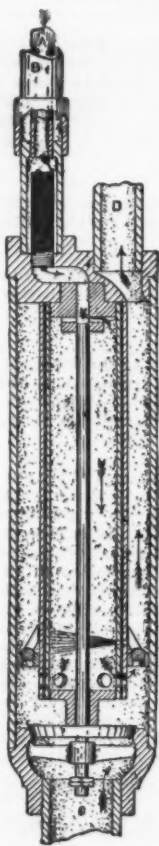
comfort to tired shoppers, as well as being a novelty in a store of this kind. On the gallery are also located three reception parlors, with a free writing-room; the free nursery, where tired mothers can leave their little ones safely in charge of a trained nurse, while they visit or shop, and the free employment bureau, check-room and information bureau.

Other improvements have been made

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Wonderful Invention for Raising Water:

The condensing steam ram manufactured by the Erwin Hydraulic Machinery Company, the



A-Is steam inlet-pipe.
B-Steam covering-pipe.
C-Inlet water-pipe.
D-Outlet water-pipe.

general offices of which are at 58-59 Loan and Trust Building, in Milwaukee, Wis., is admirably adapted for supplying water in large or small quantities for irrigation, railway tanks, steamboats, stock-yards, towns, villages, country homes, hotels, summer resorts, etc. It involves the principles of the condensing steam engines, the hydraulic ram and the steam pump; yet, while combining the advantages of those machines, it is simpler in construction than any of them. It performs the seemingly impossible feat of raising water fifteen feet high with two pounds steam pressure. The ram, being submerged beneath the surface of the water to be elevated, the water is thus caused to flow into it of its own gravity. When the steam is turned on, it merely has to displace the water from the cylinder, acting downwardly on its surface through an intervening float. Two-pounds' pressure is sufficient to thus displace the water. This done, steam in the cylinder is instantaneously condensed by a spray of water, whereby a vacuum is formed and the surrounding water is forced into the cylinder by normal atmospheric pressure equal to a head of nearly thirty feet. Recent evaporation tests show that for ordinary lifts the ram requires less than half the steam of the common piston pump, and only one-tenth that of the jet or syphon pump.

Banking at the Head of the Lakes.

The vast commercial movements at the head of the lakes call for capable financiers and ample banking facilities. The history of some of these financial houses is full of interest. For instance, what is now known in Duluth as The Commercial Banking Company was really started during the panic period under the name of The Commercial Bank of Duluth. It began business at Twentieth Avenue in the West End. Soon outgrowing that quarter, the bank was removed to the heart of the retail trade in the center of the city. This was in July, 1894. Up to July 1, 1896, successive local business failures made banking an uphill proposition, but the house in question held its own. The year '97 brought better times, however, and The Commercial saw its business doubled and the deposits increase at least fifty per cent over the previous year—an increase that called for additional help and which made the house a veritable bee-hive in point of activity. On

Sept. 11 of the present year the directors decided to close the affairs of the old bank and to succeed it with "The Commercial Banking Company." The change has had gratifying results, the business showing a steady increase to this day.

The bank is under excellent management. Charles F. Leland, the president, was formerly engaged in the lumber business with A. M. Miller at Thomson, Minn. He is conservative, well-informed, an old settler—having been here since 1872, and enjoys the confidence of a large circle of acquaintances. Donald Macleod, the cashier, acquired his first banking experience in Scotland, and was formerly connected with the American Exchange Bank, of Duluth. A general banking business is conducted. Drafts are drawn on all parts of the world, and accounts are solicited with firms, individuals and corporations. With a sound reputation back of it and prosperous times before it, the Commercial Banking Company is sure to go on strengthening itself as one of the strong and influential financial institutions of the Northwest.

Swift & Company's St. Paul Plant.

The coming of Messrs. Swift & Company to this city as lessees of the large pork and beef-packing plants at South St. Paul is an event of the greatest importance to the whole Northwest. Swift & Company are probably the most extensive pork and beef packers in the United States. They operate immense plants at Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha and St. Joseph, and transact a business which amounts to over \$100,000,000 annually. Unlike many large capitalists, they do not pursue the policy of concentrating all their interests at one point; they have found it more advantageous to establish well-equipped plants in close proximity to the stock-growing regions and in cultivating a demand for their finished products in the territories operated in. As the South St. Paul works have been leased for 999 years, it means that Swift & Company intend to establish a great stock market here and make this one of the largest packing centers in the country. Doubtless there are a number of persons to whom St. Paul owes a vote of thanks for the accomplishment of this grand result, but it is very certain that no one has had greater influence in bringing it about than Mr. A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago Great Western Railway and of the old stock-yards company.

St. Paul's Enticing Fur Stores.

A look at the windows of the fur stores, these late autumn days, induces even the poor in purse to pass within the doors and inspect the rich goods there shown. Never were the styles more attractive, never were they more varied, and seldom have men and women been able to provide themselves with these warm garments at so moderate a cost. One of the most enticing fur stores in St. Paul is Charles A. Albrecht's at 384 Wabasha Street. The stock is complete, the goods perfect, and no one tries to undersell this house. Mr. Albrecht has grown up in the fur business. He manufactures all kinds of fur garments to order, and he guarantees absolute satisfaction to all patrons. Otter, seal, electric seal, marten, ermine, astrachan, Persian lamb—every kind of furs, in fact, can be found in this enterprising establishment. Only skilled workmen are employed, and only finished articles in fur are permitted to leave the premises. One can find all sorts of fur goods at this place—muffs and boas, which are so fashionable this season, and all the new designs in capes and the latest novelties in sacques and jackets. But descriptions are always unsatisfactory; the best way is to call and

see what Mr. Albrecht has; or, if you cannot call, just write him for one of his catalogues. Tell him what you want, and he will do the rest.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PASTEUR CATARRH REMEDY.

A Great Man! A Great Remedy!

It cured more cases of catarrh, deafness, diphtheria, bronchitis, quinsy, grippe and tonsillitis than all the institutes, specialists and mediums put together. We do less crowing and perform more reliable cures than anybody. If we promise a cure we effect it; if incurable, we tell you so and offer you more relief for less money than anything you might do or try. Names and addresses are never solicited.



Dr. Pasteur

Price of treatment, including glass douche and compressed tablets, \$1 at all druggists. Call for free treatment, and learn how to use remedy at Headquarters, 650 Wabasha Street, St. Paul, Minn., every day.

Hon. A. L. BOLTON, Secretary of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. for the State of Minnesota, writes as follows:

"Office of A. L. Bolton, 38 Germania Bank, St. Paul, Minn."

"GENTLEMEN: Having suffered with that prevailing malady, catarrh, for many years, I was induced to try a bottle of your Pasteur Remedy, and I can confidently say that it is the best medicine for catarrh that I have ever tried. It takes right hold, and brings out the enemy from his stronghold in the human system. I suffered quite frequently with catarrhal headache, but have not had a headache since I began using your remedy. I also had a buzzing in the ears, that has disappeared; a feverish feeling in the head, and that troubles me no more; also a tickling sensation in the ears, and that is also relieved. Although not cured, I feel such great relief that I have confidence that your medicine will cure me as near as I can be cured. I had lost all sense of smell, but that has already been partially restored. I believe you have the true theory of getting at this insidious disease, or your remedy would never have proved so beneficial to me. Unlike other remedies, also, it is pleasant to take, and this makes it agreeable to both young and old."

"You can use this as you see fit. I am making a simple statement of beneficial effects of the medicine which you are now placing on the market, and would unhesitatingly recommend it to one and all."

"Yours very truly,

"A. L. BOLTON."

"St. Paul, Minn., 343 Iglehart St., Sept. 15, 1897."

"Gentlemen: I have used your Pasteur Catarrh Remedy in my home. Have cured three of my children of catarrh and bronchitis, and broken many a bad cold. As you know, I sold many hundred bottles to my customers, and have heard nothing but praises concerning it. The public should know more of it; so, if you desire to use this, you are welcome."

"J. B. LA BELLE,

"of La Belle & Co., Grocers."

WHEN GOING TO NEW YORK OR PHILADELPHIA TRAVEL BY THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Solid Trains, Superb Equipment, Dining Car a la Carte. Scenery unequalled. Route of the BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS, HANDSOMEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

Write for advertising matter and full particulars to

J. A. S. REED, N. W. P. A., 218 South Clark St., Chicago, or

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.



Charles H. Besly & Co., 10-12 N. Canal St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

ARE YOU SINGLE

Can find you a rich wife, a pretty wife, or a loving wife; a wealthy husband, a handsome husband, or an affectionate husband, of any age or description in any part of America. No publicity; established 1890. Big lists with pictures and residence mail free. WALTER McDONNELL, Department B16, Kearsa Building, Chicago, Ill.



The big brewery at La Crosse, which burned down in September and involved a loss of \$300,000, is being rebuilt larger than ever. The new plant will include a \$100,000 malting-house.

Menasha will soon have a \$15,000 city library.

An eighty-barrel flour-mill is being built in Bloomer.

A \$12,000 schoolhouse will be among Darlington's improvements.

The Racine Knitting Works, of Racine, will establish a branch factory at Stevens Point.

Nebraska men have bought the linen-mill at Albany and will put it in good order and operate it to its full capacity.

A large saw-mill is in prospect for Scofield, and a shingle-mill and a saw-mill are among the new enterprises at Sheboygan.

Eau Claire Masons have decided to erect an elegant Masonic temple. Over \$27,000 has already been subscribed for the purpose.

It is said that the Kaukauna Fiber Company will erect a four-story addition, 36x55, to its factory, and double the capacity of the sulphite department.

The total cut of Marinette's seventeen mills this year will be over 327,000,000 feet, the value of which will be about \$4,000,000. It is a great lumber-mill town.

The Riverside Fiber Company at Appleton has arranged to double the capacity of its local plant as soon as the machinery can be put in place. Appleton will also be benefited by the erection of a Science Hall for Lawrence University, which is located there. The new building will cost about \$30,000.

Minnesota.

Henderson will have an electric-light plant.

Waseca's new court-house is finished. The total cost is \$55,800.

Winnebago's high-school building is completed. It cost \$22,000.

A match factory has been added to Duluth's long list of industries.

For the nine months ending Oct. 1, Minneapolis shipped 208,845,000 feet of lumber.

New brick business blocks are in prospect at Moorhead, at Madelia, and at Blue Earth City.

A new schoolhouse at Faribault will cost \$15,000. It is one of the best school towns in the State.

Red Lake Falls' new lumber-mill is nearly completed. It expects to cut 15,000,000 feet this winter.

The Winona Wooden-Rim Manufacturing Company, burned out recently, will rebuild the plant and resume operations, employing about eighty men.

Red Lake Falls now enjoys the distinction of being the biggest cattle-shipping point in Northern Minnesota. The county seat of the new county of Red Lake shows many other evidences of substantial prosperity.

A new wagon and foot-bridge will be constructed across the Mississippi River at Brainerd. It will cost \$21,000. A steel bridge, costing \$12,000, will also be built across the Zumbro River at Rochester.

A Great Northern enterprise—the Park Rapids & Leech Lake Railroad—was incorporated with the secretary of State on Oct. 7. The proposed line will run from Park Rapids to Leech Lake, thence northerly or northeasterly to connect with the surveyed line of the Great Northern, either in Hubbard or in Cass County.

A correspondent states that 8,000 to 12,000 more men will be employed near Duluth and on the iron ranges

this fall and winter than ever before. Labor is scarce and wages are good. Log-cutting, railroad construction, logging-roads, iron-mines, etc., make and will continue to make times active. The winter of 1897-98 promises to be a busy season.

North Dakota.

Cando is enjoying a rapid and wholesome growth.

Oberon is shipping from ten to twenty cars of wheat per day.

Casselton expects to have its electric-light plant in operation by Dec. 1.

With a \$26,000 church and numerous business blocks going up, Wahpeton is right on top of the wave.

Pettibone's new directory finds 8,430 people in Grand Forks and 3,460 in East Grand Forks, making a total of 11,890 in the two cities.

The Fargo Forum says that the demand for residences in that city this fall is greater than ever before, and a number of people are planning to build houses for rent next spring.

Bank statements throughout the State disclose a pleasing condition financially. All the bankers agree in their statements of the improved condition of business as evidenced by increasing deposits.

While other towns in the State are taking advantage of the good times, Fingal, on the Soo, in Barnes County, is right at the front. A number of business blocks are being erected, a new bank is talked of, new firms are coming in, and growth and improvement are seen on all sides.

The Grafton Roller Mills recently shipped thirty car-loads of flour to England and Scotland in one week. The Record, of that town, says that the demand for Grafton flour continues, and that the mill is run day and night to keep up with orders. Such a mill is worth thousands of dollars to a town in advertising alone.

A St. Cloud, Minn., man recently bought 11,400 acres of North Dakota farm lands in Cass County, for which he paid about \$80,000. He then sold \$45,000 worth of the same lands at a good profit. Good land is in active demand, and there never was a better time to buy than now. The entire State is feeling the influence of vigorous prosperity, and progress is evident everywhere.

South Dakota.

A new opera-house is projected for Sioux Falls.

Sioux Falls' new schoolhouse will cost \$50,000 and accommodate 1,000 pupils.

Miller is a great stock-shipping point. During one week in September over \$25,000 worth of cattle were sent to market from that place.

Deadwood keeps right on growing. A new \$16,000 opera-house and a two-story brick business block are among the latest improvements talked of. The opera-house is to seat 1,500 persons.

Eureka is said to be the greatest primary grain market in the United States, more wheat being bought there direct from farmers' wagons than at any other town of any size in the country. There are days when hundreds of farmers may be seen unloading grain at the elevators and warehouses. It is a small, but very lively town, and it is growing rapidly in wealth and population.

The largest clean-up in the history of the Homestake Mining Company in the Black Hills was made in September after a fifteen days' run. It aggregated \$190,000 in value, and was about \$30,000 larger than any other clean-up ever made by the company. This increase is occasioned by the enlarged reducing capacity of the mills and an improvement in the grade of ore now being used. At this rate the output will be \$380,000 a month or \$4,560,000 a year. It is expected that the future clean-ups will equal the last one, which will make the annual amount \$1,000,000 in excess of former years.

Montana.

White Sulphur Springs has sold a \$30,000 issue of water-works bonds. They were taken by parties in Helena.

The State assessor returns a total of 2,882,000 sheep for Montana, valued at nearly \$5,000,000. This is an increase of 66,000 sheep and \$663,000 over 1896.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of State which call for a 150-barrel flour-mill at Kalispell. The company is capitalized at \$50,000.

During the year ending June 30, 1897, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company produced and shipped 132,364.198 pounds of fine copper, 6,500,000 fine ounces of silver and 20,380 fine ounces of gold.

According to the Anaconda Recorder, the building improvements in that town for the year 1897 will aggregate \$354,200. Butte shows improvements valued at \$600,789. No very hard times evident in those figures.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company is at work opening a coal mine near Joliet in Carbon County. It is about four and a half miles west of the Gebo coal property, and on the same vein. A shaft will be sunk 1,000 feet, and the company expects to reach coal in about eight months.

A. W. Tanner, of Red Bluff, expects to make weekly car-load shipments of rubies, garnets, zircons and amygdaloids from his Pole Creek placers in Madison County to parties in the East. These placers yield thirty pounds of stones per cubic yard, which are used in the manufacture of emery-wheels.

Idaho.

It is reported that a marble quarry has been discovered along the Clearwater River about six miles from Kendrick.

It is estimated that the shipments of produce from Mountain Home were over 1,500,000 pounds this year, and that the revenue from sales exceeds that of last year by about \$50,000.

New mining projects are active in the State just now, and good feeling prevails in fruit-growing and agricultural districts. All in all, 1897 has brought results that will add to the State's reputation and bring new settlers and much new capital there.

The payment of the second installment of the purchase price of the Peacock mines in the Seven Devils copper district in Idaho binds one of the largest mining transactions of recent record. The buyers are New York capitalists, and the purchase includes other valuable properties as well. A 325-ton smelter will be completed by March, 1898, and a railway is to be built to the Snake River, and a steamer line be put on the river to connect with the O. R. & N. at Huntington. There will be three allied companies, namely, the Seven Devils Copper Company, the Cuprum Smelting and Refining Company, and a railway company. The smelter will be at Cuprum. The contemplated improvements call for an expenditure of about \$225,000.

Oregon.

A new shingle-mill has been started at Coburg.

Cranberries are grown successfully in Coos County. One man raised about 550 bushels.

It is reported that a rich placer strike has been made on Bear Creek, twenty miles from Willowa.

Eighteen thousand dollars in gold bullion was the output of the Bonanza mine in Baker County for September.

Excellent qualities of English walnuts were grown this year in Linn and Yamhill counties. The trees averaged over two bushels each.

There is great satisfaction in the State over the grain and fruit yields. Good demand and fair prices have resulted in very general prosperity. Debts are being canceled and many improvements made.

The Athena Press (Id.) says that a rich pocket was discovered recently, in the mining belt east of Canyon City, from which \$5,000 in cash was realized. The finding of this rich pocket has given new life to the mining belt of Grant County.

Washington.

There are 62,000 sheep owned in Kittitas County.

Obeney's flouring-mill is running night and day and turning out about 150 barrels every twenty-four hours.

Lewis County's hop crop this year amounts to 26,500 boxes of eighteen bushels' capacity each.

The salmon pack on Puget Sound last year was about 200,000 cases; this year it will amount to 500,000 cases, worth about \$2,500,000.

Colville citizens have subscribed \$2,000 toward the erection of a \$10,000 court-house, and the foundation will be put in this fall.

The shingle shipments from Washington for the nine months of 1897 ending Oct. 1, reached a grand total of 14,150 cars, or 2,364,000,000 shingles. This exceeds

the shipments for the entire year of 1896 by 247 cars. The receipts will probably aggregate not less than \$4,000,000.

A new shingle and cedar-mill is going in at South Bend. It will have a capacity of 250,000 shingles and 20,000 feet of cedar a day.

According to Spokane's new city directory, the population of that center of industry is now 39,611. The directory contains 14,404 names—1,576 more than were shown in 1896.

South Bend is a busy town. The lumber and shingle-mills are running full time, the cannery has doubled its capacity, two new mills are assured, houses are in great demand, and every merchant reports better business and prosperous conditions.

Tests made at the Washington State Agricultural College of beets grown on irrigated lands in Yakima County, under the system of experiments inaugurated by the Northern Pacific Railway Company, show a range of fourteen to twenty and one-half per cent of sugar, with an average above eighteen per cent.

The Chippewa (Wis.) *Herald* says that John Hunner, ex-State treasurer of Wisconsin, but now living in Spokane Falls, Wash., has discovered a bed of silica, about 100 miles north of Spokane, in which there are hundreds of thousands of tons. The mineral is used in the manufacture of dynamite and brings \$60 per ton at the factories.

The Tacoma *West Coast Lumberman* says that the Northern Pacific will be extended from Aberdeen to Hoquiam, Washington. This is but three miles, but it will require two draw-bridges and will put two big saw-mills and one bucket factory in position to ship by rail. It will also give a saw-mill at Aberdeen a rail connection—a mill which, heretofore, had to team its stock some distance to the track.

Canadian Northwest.

An experienced miner has found hard coal on the banks of the Qu'Appelle, near Wapella, East Assiniboine. Samples of the coal will be sent to Ottawa for examination by geological experts.

The Monarch mine, owned by the Bullion Company and situated in the Shoal Lake District, near the Mikado mine, in Ont., has been sold to Toronto parties for \$25,000.

Fred W. Bowman, of the Rainy Lake (Minn.) *Journal*, is now editor of the *Rat Portage Miner*. He is an able man and will make a good paper.

The Mikado mine in the Shoal Lake District, Ont., recently turned out \$8,500 more gold on a ten days' run of the twenty-stamp mill. It was only a short time ago that the same mine yielded bricks valued at \$16,000.

The Olive mine near Mine Center, Ont., in the Seine River District, has been sold to English parties for eighty thousand dollars. Those who ought to know, declare that the property is worth every cent of the money.

The Whitewater mine in the Kaslo (B. C.) District has just paid a dividend of \$24,000—a total of \$64,000 to date. It is shipping about fifty car-loads of ore per month.

It is said that the Slocan Star mine, in the Kaslo-Slocan (B. C.) District, has already paid dividends amounting to \$400,000.

The Trail-Robson (B. C.) Railroad, twenty-one miles long, is completed. It will be used for the transportation of freight, passengers and ores from Kootenay Lake points and the rich mines of the Slocan Country. In the winter it will facilitate navigation between Trail, Rossland and northern points.

To California Without Change, via "The Milwaukee"

On every Saturday an elegant Pullman Tourist Sleeper will leave Minneapolis 8:25 A. M., St. Paul 8:35 A. M., and arrive at Los Angeles, California, at 8:30 A. M. the following Wednesday.

Via "The Milwaukee's" famous "Hedrick Route" to Kansas City, thence via the A., T. & S. F. Ry. through Southern California.

A most delightful winter route to the Coast. This car is "personally conducted"—in immediate charge of an official and an attendant through to destination.

Rate per berth, \$6 through from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Leave St. Paul and Minneapolis every Saturday morning, arriving at Los Angeles every Wednesday morning.

For berths, complete information, and lowest rates,

apply to "The Milwaukee" agents, St. Paul or Minneapolis, or address J. T. Conley, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Bear Stories.

Every man is either a bull or a bear, keeping things up or growling things down, and of late years there have been a great many bears, some of whom have survived and are still telling their bear stories. The fact remains that there has been a decided improvement during the past season in the amount of business done by the popular Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, which has always been the favorite line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior and other points of interest and importance. This line is modern, up to date, running luxurious trains at convenient hours over a smooth roadbed between handsome terminals. Ticket agents will always supply you with maps, etc., or they may be obtained by writing direct to C. E. Stone, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

"So they're going to give a hundred pounds for the best design for a drinking-fountain?" said Mrs. Jones. "Why don't you try to get it, Jephtha?" "No use," said Jones, lighting his cigar. "Some woman will be sure to get it. Women were always more designing than men."

She—"Are you ever filled with unmeasurable longings, with indefinable ecstasy, with a feeling that your soul can rise above the trammels of mundane things and bask in the sunshine of the infinite?"

He—"Yes, indeed, Miss Soaring; but think of the head you have on you the next morning!"

WHY PEOPLE ARE NERVOUS.

A distinguished German physician declares this to be the age of Nervousness, and thinks the civilized race is deteriorating under it. Our lunatic asylums are filling up at a frightful rate; women who should be plump and rosy, are pale and emaciated; school children, instead of being joyous, active, vigorous, are debilitated, overworked and unhappy; business men are engines of perpetual worry and victims of insomnia; social life is a nerve-destroying whirl of excitement; cities are clamorous with distraction of railroads, traffic, manufacture and all hustling affairs that destroy repose and murder quiet. Everything is at high pressure. Headlong, mad activity is the law of circumstances.

Dr. Charcot's Kola Nervine Tablets are famous for curing Nervous Diseases where other remedies had failed. They will make you strong and well; try them. Fifty cents and \$1.00 per box at druggists, or sent direct. Write us for testimonials of cures.

EUREKA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO.,
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Going to California? Phillips' Upholstered Tourist Cars are Best.



150,000 passengers carried in seventeen years and all of them pleased, is a flattering testimonial. Jealous imitators have started rival lines, but they lack the facilities and experience of the Pioneers in the tourist car business.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad runs elegant upholstered tourist cars to California points without change, leaving St. Paul 7:00 P. M., Minneapolis 7:35 P. M. every Thursday via Omaha, Denver and Salt Lake—the Scenic Line.

On November 2d, and each succeeding Tuesday, we will run an additional car via Kansas City and Fort Worth—the Southern Route, no altitudes and no snow.

The time is only FOUR DAYS via either route. In this age, time is an important factor in the selection of a line of travel. The Albert Lea Route being the quickest and best appointed, is most popular.

Through sleeping-car berths only \$6.00. A gentlemanly Phillips' conductor and colored porter accompany the car to attend the wants of the passengers.

Meals served in dining-cars, or may be prepared on cooking-ranges provided for the purpose in a separate compartment.

Full information as to ticket rates, or berth reservations will be given by addressing A. B. Outts, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad, Minneapolis, Minn.

Send for descriptive matter.

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WEDELSTAEDT
& CO.

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Blank Book Manufacturers,
Lithographers and Printers.

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WEDDING INVITATIONS, VISITING CARDS,
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and all classes of ENGRAVED WORK.
Write us for Prices and Samples.

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DULUTH, - - - MINN.

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DONALD MACLEOD, Cashier.

Does a General Banking Business.

Buys and sells Exchange on all parts of the world.
Accounts of corporations, firms and individuals
respectfully solicited.

Capital and undivided profits...\$26,785.75
Deposits..... 112,517.05
Cash on hand and due from banks.....\$44,021.00
Demand loans secured by wheat, etc..... 8,000.00
Loans and other assets..... 87,281.80

At close of business Oct 5th, 1897.

MICHAEL DORAN.

JAMES DORAN.

M. DORAN & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

811 Jackson St.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

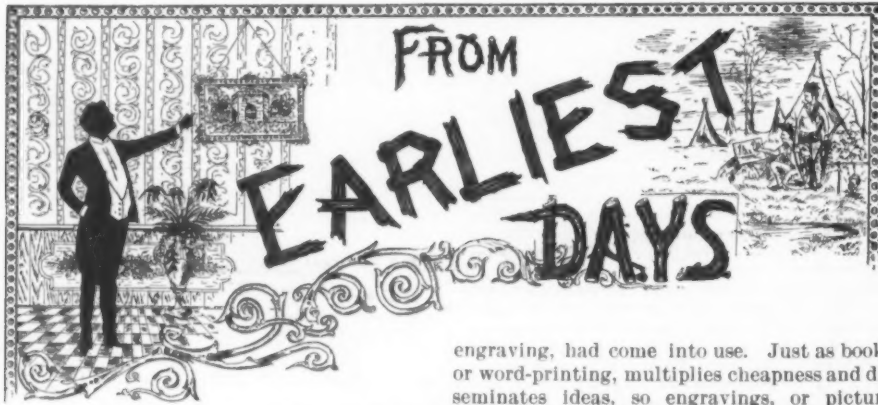
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Contractors' Bonds, Official Bonds,
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THE AMERICAN BONDING AND TRUST CO.

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From earliest days, man has attempted to depict the objects by which he was surrounded, or the deeds in which he was either an actor or a witness. Engraving is undoubtedly the most ancient of all the arts of design, and its utility is universally acknowledged. It was the first mode adopted by man to record useful information for the benefit of posterity. The earliest authentic recorded engravings were those on two pillars which were erected by sons of Seth (a son of Adam), and, according to Josephus, the historian, they were engraved. The Commandments, too, were engraved on stone when Moses presented them to the Children of Israel on his descent from the historic Mount Sinai.

The origin of the hieroglyphics of Egypt is clearly traceable to the simplest form of picture-writing, the literal figuring of the object designed to be expressed. So, too, the Aztecs and the Toltecs used pictures instead of writing long before the invasion of Cortez and his Spanish followers, and their pyramids are marvels of tracery, clear and fine, even to this day.

The Indian, too, did his best to leave a lasting record for those to come; and throughout the Northwest, especially, are to be found specimens of rude carving. The pictured rocks on Lake Superior's northern shores are, perhaps, the best known of this type. Yet, during all these long series of years, it seemed not to have occurred to man that, instead of "writing with a pen of iron," they might transfer impressions on parchment or papyrus and thus multiply them indefinitely.

The invention of paper in its modern form has some bearing on the art of engraving, for, previous to that event, the material used did not lend itself easily to make impressions thereon from engraved metal. In advance of word-printing, however, picture-printing, or

engraving, had come into use. Just as books, or word-printing, multiplies cheapness and disseminates ideas, so engravings, or picture-printing, give vividness to ideas or serves, to many, the twofold purpose of reading and viewing. The value of engraving as it at present exists, and especially that department which is so intimately connected with magazine work, cannot be too highly appreciated. It may justly be called the great disseminator of knowledge, for it impresses facts upon the memory in a manner more lasting than can possibly be done by letter-press description. The record of the historian, the song of the poet, and the depictions of scenery in this wonderful Northwestern country, may all be laid before child or adult; but, without the engraver's art, not that has scribbled are unsatisfactory graphic poor man knowledge of things far those who of bettering by com- Northwest, accurate con-



"SHINE, SIR?"

tions of all been de- vogue and tory. It is to art that the owes his of the forms afield; and are thinking their condi- ing to the can form an ception of the country that contains so many possibilities to the person who is not afraid of work as a road to competence. No better way to call attention to the Northwest can be found than by good pictures; and to have these, one must keep in touch with those doing such work.

How many, in taking up THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, look at the pictures first and then more leisurely read what the pictures so well illustrate! The great advancement made in

the art of engraving is marked, and nowhere is there more earnest endeavor to produce the best than in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where, under the name of The Printers' Litho-Engraving Company, a number of persons, under the management of H. C. Stovel, have incorporated themselves and are now prepared to do all kinds of work in engraving, electrotyping and stereotyping. Mr. Stovel, the head of this company, —whose trade-mark, "PLECO," is becoming widely known as the "hall-mark" of perfect work,—like most Winnipeggers, came from Ontario. With his father and brothers, he established the now prosperous job-printing office of the Stovel Company. They also embarked in the printers' supply business, and for a time carried the two on together. Later, Mr. Stovel withdrew from the firm, went into the supply business more fully, and at the same time commenced the issue of ready prints. This is now the only business of the kind in the Canadian Northwest, and it is run by the Toronto Type Foundry, of which Mr. Stovel is also manager. He was the first to engage in zinc-etching, half-tone and electrotyping work. The etching, being more in line with the trade sought, was pushed. Later, however, The Printers Litho-Engraving Company was formed and the half-tone line developed. They do their own artist work on the premises, and the artistic and original heading of this page came from the ready pen of their employee.

Mr. Stovel has at heart the welfare of the press generally, and, though his firm does not claim to do the best half-tone or etching in the world, "their work speaks their worth." The difference here shown between a cut of "Ye olden tyme" and the latest ideas in magazine engraving is eloquent in itself. Volumes could not show more clearly the great improvement that conscientious, systematic labor and study have produced. Subtle and delicate tonality is an element that the P. L. E. Company seems to have completely mastered, and, while proud of this, Mr. Stovel also delights in the fact that he can supply all the wants of a well regulated printing office, with the exception of the paper stock.

With the rapid development of the Canadian Northwest, newspapers and the various job-printing establishments that come with the needs of new towns will be started, and those wishing complete outfits for use in their respective trades, or anyone wishing anything in the cut line, would serve their interests well by addressing Mr. Stovel or the Printers' Litho-Engraving Company direct, at Winnipeg, Manitoba. Many of the pictures used by this magazine are from the offices of this company, and those on this page represent some of their work today as compared with one of earlier date.



AN ENGRAVER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



"BUY A BOUQUET?"



HON. THOS. GREENWAY, PREMIER OF MANITOBA.



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THE ONLY WATER WITH LITHIA ENOUGH TO PRODUCE LITHIA RESULTS
IT CURES RHEUMATISM & KIDNEY DISEASES
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WHITEHALL TERMINAL
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 MOST CONVENIENT ENTRANCE
NEW YORK
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 ROYAL BLUE TRAINS

"I heard ye were on a shtrike," said Mike to his friend Pat.

"I was that," answered Pat.

"A shtrike for what, Pat?"

"For shorter hours, Mike."

"An' did ye git 'em, Pat?"

"Sure we did, Mike. It's not working at all I am."

KLONDIKE. ALASKA.

The Yakh-Peerless Gold Mining Co.

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100,000 SHARES of their CAPITAL STOCK for the purpose of operating in Klondike.

They already own a free-milling gold property which they are developing in the Yakh district. Address

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\$3.75
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A \$25 WATCH for \$3.75

That's what you will say when you see this magnificent full engraved hunting case watch, fitted complete with high grade ELGIN Style movement absolutely guaranteed for 5 years.

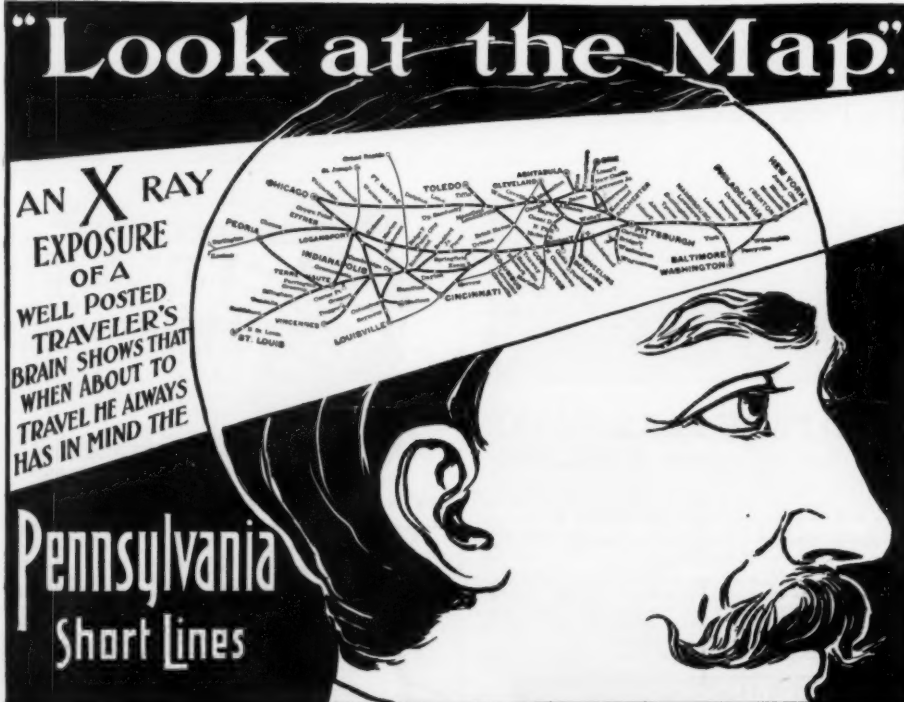
Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you examine it at the express office and if as represented pay the express agent our special introductory price \$3.75 and it is yours.

Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want gent's or lady's size and order to-day as we will send out samples at this reduced price for sixty days only. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

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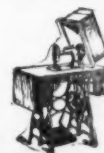
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GET THE BEST

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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FOR SALE BY

W. F. ELWESS, { 99 W. 7th St. & } St. Paul, Minn.
 { 403 E. 7th St., }

"I wish there was some new way of killing time," said young Mr. Point Breeze to Miss Homewood last night.

"I can suggest one way of killing time," replied the maiden.

"Well?"

"Sleigh it!"

Then a livery stable was called up and the suggestion was acted upon."

Member American Society Mechanical Engineers.

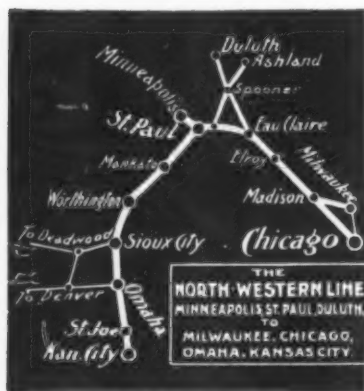
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Expert, scientific efficiency tests made on any plant.

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TRAINS DAILY TO CHICAGO, the
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Two Trains Daily Minneapolis and St.
Paul to Sioux City, Omaha, St. Joseph
and Kansas City, with through Sleeping
Car to California every Thursday.
Trains of the Northern Pacific and Great
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Your home agents will sell you tickets
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Sent postpaid on receipt of price

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Write for our illustrated
circular and price-list of
hand-made hunting shoes
and moccasins of every description.



\$1.48 - ATTENTION! - \$1.48

Agents to sell our celebrated 25th century nickel watch,
warranted for 5 years, equal as timekeeper to any Elgin
watch; received Highest Prize Medal at World's Expo-
sition. Just a watch which sells everywhere for \$3. One
agent sold 19 in one day. We will send to first applicant
in each country one sample watch free for examination,
and if you think it is the biggest bargain pay express agent
\$1.48 and on charge; otherwise don't take. If money is sent with
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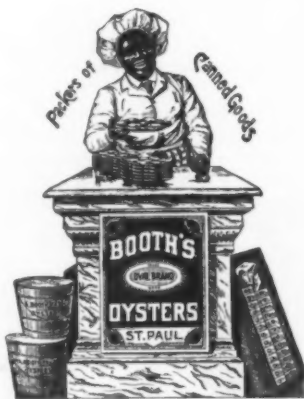
Upon request, will send attorneys to any part of the
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Mall and Telegraph Orders will re-
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HENRY STEBBING, Proprietor and Dealer in
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My herd is under charge of Dr. White, veterinary
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"The Cup that Cheers."
MARAVILLA GARDEN TEAS

Exported by the growers direct from their gardens
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PURE AND WHOLESOME.

Ten prize-medals for PURITY, STRENGTH and FLAVOR.
Grown, imported and distributed by the

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I have secured the General Northwestern Agency
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THROUGH TRAINS

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CHICAGO,

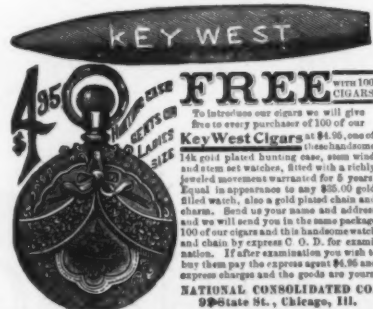
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ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND APPARATUS
For all deformities. Elevated Feet
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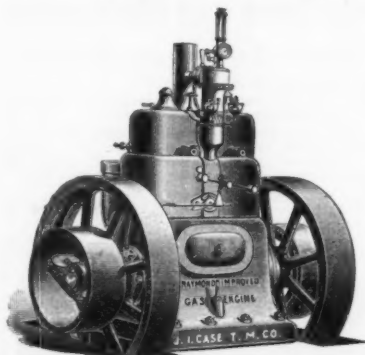
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UP THE RED LAKE RIVER.

There are many thousands of miles of regularly-traveled waterways in and bordering upon Minnesota, and some of the navigable streams are but little known except along their courses. Red Lake River is ordinarily looked upon as a mere logging stream, connecting the Red River of the North with the largest body of water in Minnesota—Red Lake. But there are three steamers plying its waters regularly between Thief River Falls and the lake—a distance of over a hundred miles.

On the up trip (the lake is the head of the stream), as the big body of water becomes plainly visible, the impression is forced upon the traveler that it is one of the Great Lakes he is approaching, so vast in extent does it appear where the opposite shore is visible, and the reflection that you are looking at only one-half of it seems to bring about the thought that nature has made a mistake in isolating it from the other large lakes; for it is deep enough, in the greater part of its area, to float the largest vessels that ply on Superior. And it has a habit of occasionally—like its big sister—working itself into a fury and presenting an appearance that is terrifying to the landlubber who dwells on peaceful inland streams. But it is a beautiful lake when in good humor.

The statements of well-posted boatmen on Red Lake and Red Lake River do not agree with the map measurements, for some reason. The latter indicate an extreme length of forty to fifty miles, which is considerably under the figures given by the navigators. They also agree that the upper portion is the larger of the two, while the maps show it to be the lesser. But there are very few who have any intelligent idea of the lake, as the only important connection it has with the rest of the world is the Red Lake River, and there is but one settlement on its shores—the Red Lake Indian Agency, on its southern boundary, which contains less than 200 people, mostly Indians and half-breeds.

The most interesting and delightful part of the trip on the tortuous Red Lake River is the thirty or forty miles above Thief River Falls. The entire stream is "crookeder 'n anything out o' jail," as a logger expressed it, and a straight course of 200 yards is away out of the ordinary. Within a mile, the afternoon sun may occupy a position at every point of the compass. Indeed, it might be said that the rudder of the steamer has a continuous cramp. And this fact adds to the beauty and interest of the scenery, as there is every moment unfolded to the eye a new view, a different landscape, the shifting shadows on the water changing with each pulsation of the engine. A dense growth of timber here and there crowds the very water's edge and is mirrored in a dozen colors. A turn of the pilot's wheel brings the sunlight full upon the glassy surface, and with it a dazzling glare. But the eye never tires.

The snug little steamer that carried the writer on this voyage of 260 miles—the Alice Meehan—is well adapted for both freight and passenger traffic. Staunch, comfortable and easily managed, the passenger aboard feels no misgivings, even when riding the big waves on Red Lake. The good-natured crew have the happy faculty of making one feel like a member of the "family," while the cook appears to be constantly endeavoring to ascertain the condition of your stomach, that he may provide the proper articles of food; which, by the way, is most excellently served. The boat is owned and operated by Messrs. P. & J. Meehan, the well-known lumbermen, and makes three regular trips between Thief River Falls and the Red Lake Indian Agency every week. J. C. H.

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OREGON'S ANTIQUE SEAL.—The fossil remains of a seal of an excellent species and great antiquity were found near Newport, Lincoln County, Oregon, recently. According to the *Pendleton East Oregonian*, the remains were imbedded in a sandstone deposit, and, from the strata in which they were found, Professor Condon, geologist at the State University of Oregon, is of the opinion that the body of the animal must have been washed ashore by the sea at least 80,000 years ago.

EXPERT INDIAN BASKET-MAKERS.—The *Oregon Naturalist*, published at Palestine, Ore., says that the Klickitat Indians, natives of Washington and Oregon, make four kinds of baskets. These are the emergency basket, made from one strip of cedar or yew bark, known as the berry bucket; the regular coiled water-tight carrying basket; the open-work straw and cedar, and a tough, bowl-shaped, sinewy basket made of the inner bark of the yew, which is the material used in whipping the coil basket.

DOGS THAT WEAR MOCCASINS.—Even the dogs are at times required to wear shoes in Alaska. It is not on account of the cold, for the shaggy Esquimaux dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which, in this country, falls to the horse; and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin and ties them on with stout thongs of leather.

AN EXODUS OF SQUIRRELS.—It is said that every few years the gray squirrels that abound in the vicinity of Baraboo, Wis., gather in droves and migrate. The last exodus occurred eight years ago, when thousands of these animals made their way Southward. The exodus was repeated this fall, and the woods surrounding Baraboo were alive with them. They travel at the rate of about half a mile a day, and the migration period lasts about two weeks. Nothing stops them on their route. They cross prairies, marshes, and swim streams. It is not unusual for hunters to bag twenty or thirty squirrels in a few hours. The cause of the migration is not known. Some say that they are looking for food, while others say it is a change of scene they are after. The fox squirrels are plentiful there, but they do not join the grays in their travels.

A WONDERFUL YUKON LAKE.—Among the wonderful discoveries in the Yukon Country is a body of water known as Lake Selawik, which, according to the *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland, Ore., owes its discovery to Father Tosi, a Jesuit missionary. This lake is described as not far from Dawson City. It never freezes over. It is sixty miles long by fifteen in width, and, while at a great distance from the sea, its waters ebb and flow regularly. Lake Selawik is fresh at all times, and, owing to the warmth of the water, it becomes in winter a kind of Mecca for all kinds of fish from the various streams connecting with the lake. The abundance of salmon and other fish should prove a boon to the miners and give a supply of food which must be very welcome in winter.

HAS CURED MORE THAN 1,000,000 PEOPLE.

The testimony of Mr. M. L. HOBBS, a prominent resident of Middleport, O., now free from pain after twenty-five years of suffering from

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PILES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed please find money order for \$6, for which send me "5 DROPS," also some of your pills and "6 DROP SALVE." I have been sending for medicine for a number of my neighbors, in all amounting to \$50.25 that I have sent you since last March. It has cured myself and many others. I had been suffering from Rheumatism and Neuralgia of the Heart for twenty-five years; also a bad case of Piles and Prolapsus in the Rectum for the same length of time. Kidney and Bladder Trouble for eleven years, all of which are entirely cured. I cannot praise your remedy enough, and would advise all sufferers to send for some of your "5 DROPS," as I feel sure that it will cure all the diseases you mention.

M. L. HOBBS, Middleport, Ohio, Oct. 9, 1897.

RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH FOR 20 YEARS; 77 YEARS OLD; CURED IN TWO MONTHS.

GENTLEMEN:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I have had Rheumatism for over twenty years. Last spring it was so bad I could not get up or down stairs for pain, and I also had Catarrh of the head and throat and heart weakness. I have taken "5 DROPS" for two months and it has cured my Rheumatism, Heart and Throat trouble. I am seventy-seven years old and can walk a mile. I cannot praise "5 DROPS" enough. It is all you claim it to be, and has done me more good than anything I ever used.

Mrs. E. J. VANKANNON, Lonesboro, Texas, Oct. 1, 1897.

Mr. Mott Ayres, Mgr. of the well known religious paper, *The American Baptist Flag*, sends his unsolicited Testimonial.

DEAR SIR:—While the writer is not in the habit of giving testimonials of any kind, he feels that when a man has suffered, and tried doctors and remedies of almost every conceivable nature without any apparent results for the better, and finally by mere accident, and through curiosity, finds a remedy that gives not only relief, but results in a cure, he should not hesitate to make the matter known.

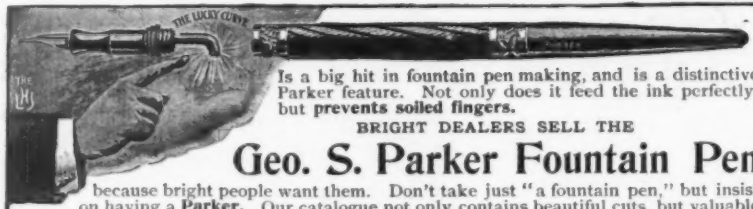
The above has been my experience in toto. I was a great sufferer from severe pains in the small of my back. I saw your advertisement, and wrote you for some of your medicine, which I took according to the directions, and as a result I was cured. I told my friends of it, and several have since used the remedies, and in each case it has effected a cure. This testimonial is purely voluntary and unsolicited, but you are at liberty to use it in any way that you see fit.

MOTT AYRES, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27, 1897.

If you have not sufficient confidence after reading these letters to send for a large bottle, send for a sample bottle, which contains sufficient medicine to convince you of its merits. This wonderful curative gives almost instant relief and is a permanent cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Catarrh, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Backache, Hay Fever, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuritic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Gout, "La Grippe," Malaria, Creeping Numbness, and kindred diseases. "5 DROPS" is the name and dose. Large bottle (300 doses), \$1.00. Six bottles for \$5.00. Sample bottle, prepaid by mail, 25c. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted.

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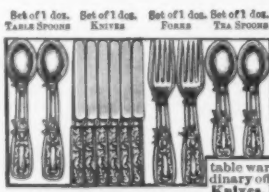


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No. 10. Anti-Rheumatic Compound. This contains five of the vegetable extracts used in the treatment of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Lumbago and kindred affections. It is a tonic and blood purifier. Dose, one tablet four times a day for adults; children, one-fourth to one-half tablet.

E. A. M. Missouri, writes: I cannot say too much in favor of your remedies. For years I have suffered tortures from rheumatism and never had any relief from any medicine until I sent for your case. I began taking the tablets and found immediate relief. I am now entirely free from rheumatism. I have recommended this remedy to many of my friends, and they all report the same good results.

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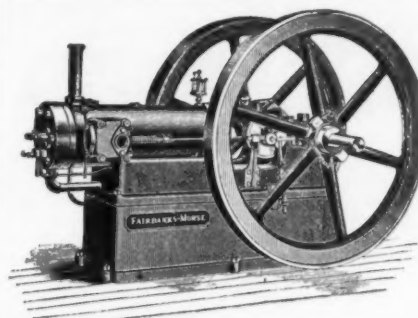
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We can do anything in this
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Send to us for estimates.
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FRESH, PICKLED or SMOKED.

Fresh Meats shipped in Refrigerator Boxes.
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ST. PAUL FOUNDRY CO.,

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A REMARKABLE HORSE.

The presence of Superior Judge J. G. McClinton of the Lower Sound District in Seattle a day or two ago, recalled an amusing incident that occurred in Port Townsend recently while he was holding court. Henry Fox, an old German drayman, was suing an expressman by the name of Hardy to recover the value of a horse. During a Fourth of July celebration down there a year or two ago, it appears, Hardy borrowed a horse from Fox. A large bunch of firecrackers was exploded near by, and the animal reared up and fell back dead. On cross-examination Attorney Coleman, in behalf of the defendant, endeavored to prove by Fox that the horse had been suffering with the heaves.

"Did the horse ever have the heaves, Mr. Fox?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know he had?"

"By seeing him breathe."

"How long before the horse died did you last see him breathe?"

"Two years."

"Did the horse stop breathing then?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! Do you mean to tell the jury that the horse stopped breathing two years before he died?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I do," was the positive reply. The defendant was granted a non-suit. — *Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*



MEDICAL SCIENCE ILLUSTRATED.

Doctor—"What's the trouble?"

Patient—"I don't know; that's what I came to find out."

Doctor—"Serious case. Ten dollars, please."

THE "WE" IN BUSINESS.

Jacob Golberg, who until recently has been in business with little Isaac Silverstein, whom he bought out, has had a great deal of trouble with Ike, who persisted in hanging around. Jake has tried in every way to give Ike the cold shoulder, and has repeatedly snubbed him in a manner that would make a more sensitive man quit. Last week, when it looked like a storm, Ike walked back to where Jake was busy at work selling a suit, and meekly said to Mr. Golberg:

"I tink ve vill haf a storm."

This was more than the enraged Golberg could stand; so, turning upon Ike, he roared:

"Vy say ve! Ve are no longer bardners!" — *Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

THOUGHT THEY WERE WORKING A BUNCO GAME.

The *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, of Minneapolis, relates the following story of Nolan Bros., a St. Paul lumber firm that does its own traveling and fishing. Nolan Bros., it says, usually do their fishing at one time and their lumber selling at another, but occasionally they are able to work a combination of the two, and an occasion of this kind came up not long since. Joe says that they were fishing at a lake where there was also a town and a lumber retailer, whom they had never sold lumber to before. They were not dressed in their best Sunday clothes, for they went out primarily to fish. He had on a suit of clothes that had seen better days, and he said that Jim had one a little worse—one of those suits with large checks that

made him look like a three-card-monte sharp. The retail firm was composed of father and son, and the son was in the office when they decided that they would combine business with pleasure. The conversation was something like this:

"I am selling lumber, and I would like to ship you a car."

"Who are you?"

"I am one of Nolan Bros., of St. Paul."

"Are you one of the firm?" (Looking at Joe's clothes.)

"Yes."

"Well, I will speak with the old man about it. You are one of the Nolan Bros., are you? When you come back from fishing, call in."

When they got back he had not spoken with the "old man," but said he would right away, and he looked at them with a look that meant, "I wonder if they want an advance on the car." But the "old man" agreed to take the car. When they came to make out the order, the only book they had with them was a small, worn-out, vest-pocket note-book. The retailer looked suspiciously at this equipment, and breathed a sigh of relief when they started away without asking for an advance of \$10 on the order.

THE INJUDICIOUS QUERY.

The wood-working machinery men of Portland, Ore., chuckle when the names of Bowen and Fred Born are mentioned nowadays, because they bring up a joke perpetrated on the latter by the former. You see, the machinery men are moulded in the same form as all of us, and while they will occasionally swear a blue streak at their competitors, they still have time for a little horse-play now and then. Bilkins, during business hours, may call Blobs a pirate and a horse-thief and cast reflections on his goods; but when there is a lull in trade, the chances are that these two worthies are the best of friends. So it is with Bowen and Born. Bowen does not propose that Born shall take trade away from him, and Born lies awake nights dreaming of conquests over Bowen. Withal, they are the best of friends. It happened not long ago that Tatum & Bowen had occasion to take up new quarters, and in order to be in the "swim," as they say in Albina, they took possession of store rooms on First Street, right between J. M. Arthur & Company and Fisher & Gauld, purveyors of small lath-mills, large engines, and other mill "fixin's." On the opposite side of the street is Fred Born's machinery emporium, and it may be imagined that the saw-mill man from Scappoose and the large one from Coos Bay do not escape from either of the establishments without buying something.

After nailing up his shingle and wheeling a case or two of saw-teeth onto the sidewalk in order to show his competitors that he was ready for business, Bowen wandered over to the other side of the street to observe his work. Born, under the impression that Bowen was a wealthy mill man in quest of machinery, rushed out of the store and greeted his competitor warmly. He discovered his mistake, of course, and the two stood on the curbstone and critically inspected Tatum & Bowen's sign and the box of teeth, and talked about the political issues, the Nicaragua Canal, and other business matters. Bowen, in the midst of a fervent speech about the Nicaragua Canal, happened to glance at the stores of J. M. Arthur & Company and Fisher & Gauld, and, as a brilliant thought germ developed, turned to Born and asked:

"Do you read the Bible?"

Born, astonished at the question, scratched his head and murmured something about hearing of the book, but hadn't read it through yet.

"Well, you see the three machinery firms on the other side—one on each side of me; now, what story in the Bible does that remind you of?"

Born couldn't guess and so gave it up.

"Well," said Bowen, "it ought to remind you of Christ on the cross between two thieves."

Born, of course, saw the application, and laughed so long and loud that J. M. Arthur & Company and Fisher & Gauld suspended business to come out and see what the row was about. After he had laughed until he was sore, he turned to Bowen and said:

"That is a good one; the best I've heard in many a day. But where's Judas Iscariot?"

"Oh, he's across the street," coolly remarked Bowen, as he started for his place of business.

Then Born had another laugh and repeated the story to Fisher, who in turn explained that the joke was on Born himself, since which time Born has not smiled. — *Seattle (Wash.) Lumber Trade Journal.*



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A PLEASED WOMAN.

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THIS picture represents Li Hung Chang at the original occupation of his people. Around him are four of his customers presumably after their washee-washee. It is not very easy to find the faces of the four customers, but by a close search and twisting and turning the Chinaman around they will be revealed. Can you find them?

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TRY IT. Don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found them mark each one with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. If correct we will send you a prize at once, all charges prepaid. We are bound to be at the top. Hence we are compelled to make big offers to induce people to subscribe and we are going to do it. We must double our subscription list this season, and to do so we intend giving away THOUSANDS OF PRIZES. Among them will be \$100.00 CASH PRIZES, BICYCLES, SILVER WATER PITCHERS, SILVER TEA SETS OF FOUR PIECES, STEM WINDING WATCHES, DIAMOND RINGS, PLAIN RINGS, GOLD PLATE, STICK PINS, Birth of our Flag, Silver Napkin Rings, etc., and last but not least an 80 Acre farm (our value).

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THE FOLLOWING HAVE RECEIVED LARGE PRIZES DURING THE PAST YEAR.

E. Fore, Knobville, Pa. \$100.00; Mrs. A. A. Peak, 1724 Southgate St., Louisville, Ky. \$100.00; Mrs. Parkinson, Stoughton, Manitoba, Can. \$100.00; Benn Miller, Box 767, Geneva, Ind. \$100.00; Walter Black, Etna, Pa. \$100.00; Miss. Kittie Pratt, Perry, N. Y. \$100.00; Miss. Mamie Burns, Delmoines, Iowa. \$100.00; Miss. E. Higgins, 63 R. R. Ave., Washington, N. J. Bicycle; Lena Weaver, 708 4th St., S. E., Washington, D. C. Bicycle; Mrs. Jos. Weaver, Rainwood, Va. Bicycle; D. E. Fore, P. M., Knobville, Pa. Bicycle; John Schulte, Racine, Wis. Bicycle; Albert J. Thomas, Detroit, Mich. 5 Washington Ave., Bicycle; Mrs. Mary Merryman, Sturgis, S. D. Bicycle; H. C. Printer, 327 Lexington Ave., Col. O. \$25.00; Kitty Tennessee, West Granville, Wis. \$25.00; Miss. Mamie Fox, Greenbush, Rens. Co., N. Y. \$25.00; Michael Connolly, Box 255 Hinsdale, Mich. \$25.00; Nellie Quigley, 334 Baldwin St. Watertown Conn. \$25.00; W. S. Leavenworth, Ripon, Wis. \$25.00; Mrs. Richard Sandnes, Watertown, N. Y. 16 Baker St. \$25.00.

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An Effective Rebuke.

George W. Tibbets, of Issaquah, who drops into Seattle occasionally, has a clipping from *The New Crusade* which speaks of his old friend and army comrade, the late Doctor Minor. It is to the effect that the eminent and popular writer, Col. T. W. Higginson, of Boston, was recently asked regarding the bravest thing done within his knowledge in the Civil War. He wrote:

"On mature reflection I should award the palm to something done by a young assistant surgeon of mine, not quite twenty-one years old, Dr. Thomas T. Minor, then at Hartford, Conn., at an exceedingly convivial supper party of officers, to which a few of my younger subalterns had been invited.

"They sat up late and the fun grew fast and furious, the songs sung becoming gradually of that class which Thackeray's Colonel Newcomb did not approve. Some of the guests tried to get away, but could not; and those who attempted it were required to furnish in each case a song, a story, or a toast. Minor was called upon for his share, and there was a little hush as he rose up. He had a singularly boyish face, and his manliness of character was known to all. He said:

"Gentlemen, I cannot give you a song or a story, but I will offer a toast, which I will drink in water, and you shall drink as you please. That toast is, 'Our Mothers.'"

"Of course, an atom of priggishness or self-consciousness would have spoiled the whole suggestion. No such quality was visible; the shot told; the party quieted down from that moment and soon broke up. The next morning no less than three officers from different regiments rode out to my camp, all men older than Doctor Minor and of higher rank, to thank him for the simplicity and courage of his rebuke. It was from them I first learned what had happened. Any one who has had much to do with young men will admit, I think, that it cost more courage to do what he did than to ride up to the cannon's mouth."—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W.A. Noyes, 330 Powers' Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Holidays Plentiful.

In America, holidays are few, but in some of the countries of the old world the laborers work only two hundred days in the year, owing to the number of holidays instituted. To take one of the Saint Paul & Duluth line's trains, one would imagine that every day was a holiday in the Northwest, for the trains are always well filled, while on holidays there is an even bigger travel. This is because the Duluth Short Line is up to date in its service and facilities and invariably gives its patrons the worth of their money. Its trains are modern and luxurious; its terminals the handsomest in the Northwest; its roadbed close to perfection, and its time-cards convenient for the traveling public, whether going for business or pleasure to and between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior and other important Northwestern points. Ticket agents will always courteously give information, which may also be had by writing to C. E. Stone, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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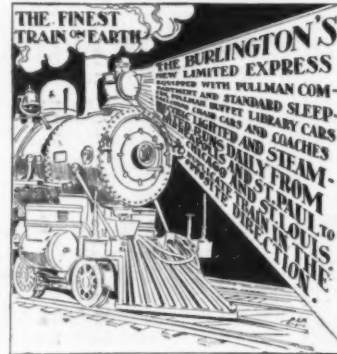
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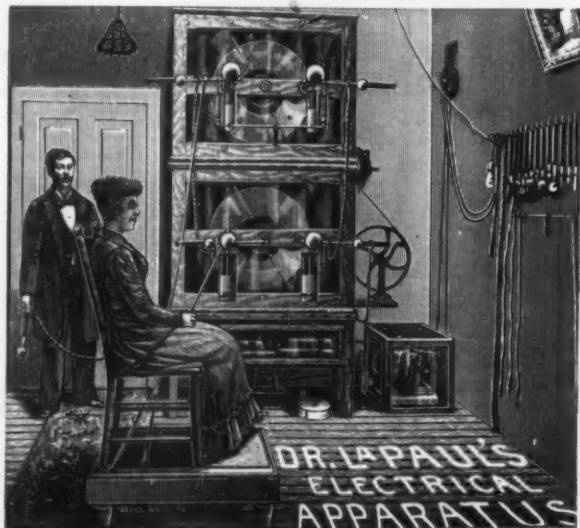
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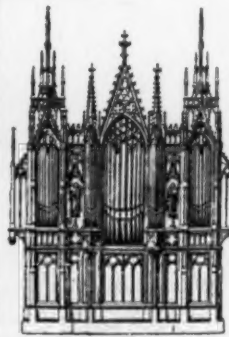
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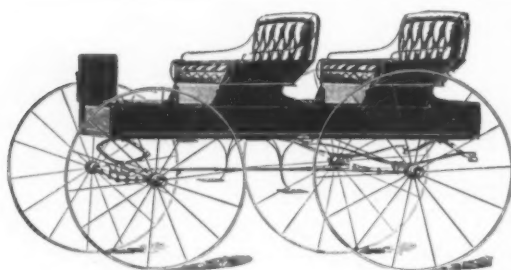
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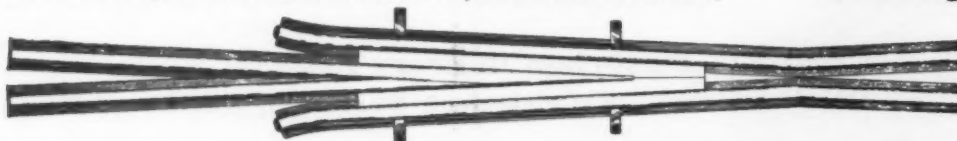


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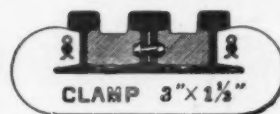
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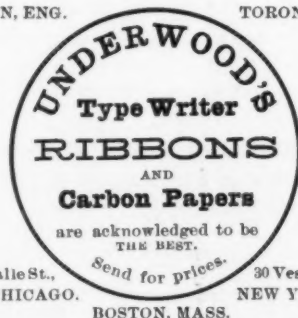
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Isaacs—"Haf a cigar, Cohen."

Cohen—"Huh! Vat's der madder mit it?"

Old Man—"Which is the quickest way for me to get to the station?"

Boy—"Run, sir."

A Seattle school-boy being asked to name some of the great canals of the world, named the "allimentary canal" as of the first importance.

"Did Miss Merry smile upon your proposal, Chumpley?"

"Smile? She laughed till you could hear her a block."

She—"It's funny, but all the time I have known Mr. Tigg he has never paid me a compliment."

He—"That's not strange; Tigg never pays anybody."

"It's hard," said the Lion.

"What's hard?" said the Kangaroo.

"To be starved when I'm alive, and stuffed when I'm dead."

Governess—"Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?"

Bertie—" 'Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup."



A BOARDING-HOUSE JOKE.

Jones—"How are the eggs this morning?"

Brown—"Very interesting."

Jones—"Interesting?"

Brown—"Yes; so full of 'chic.'"

Mrs. Dunnigan—"Phat air ye laughin' at, Pat?"

Mr. O'Flaherty—"Ol wor just t'inkin' phat a divil of a toime there'd be if the siventeenth of March came on the Fourth of July."

Mrs. Peck—"If I had my life to live over again I wouldn't marry the best man alive."

Mr. Peck (his last chance)—"You bet you wouldn't; I wouldn't ask you to."

"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck.

"My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I cannot imagine such a thing."

We have no doubt a wheel
Was owned by our first sire,
For, when our parents fell,
They found they lacked attire.

"The good die young," said the casual caller, apropos of any old thing.

"They may if they are chickens," said the editor, but if they are jokes they do not."

Wife—"Say what you please, there's no reason why a woman can't become just as good a lawyer as a man."

He—"I can't agree with you, my dear. A woman is too fond of giving her opinion without pay."

"This age demands men who have convictions," shouted the impassioned orator. "Where shall we find them?"

"In prison," replied the man in the gallery.

Sissie—"Gracious, Jack! What immense shirt-studs you wear."

Jack—"That's all right, sis; I'm going to keep up with my buttonholes if it takes a dinner-plate."

"Do you think it's true that every man has his price?" asked the heiress.

"I'm sure I don't know," he answered, thoughtfully; but if you want a bargain, you needn't look any further."

"Do you want a shirt that opens in the front, or one that opens in the back?" asked the shopman.

"Don't keer where it opens," answered Uncle Silas, "so that it's got an opening at the top and another at the bottom."

Miss Goliringski—"Oh, Jakey! Would you go through fire and vater for me?"

Mr. Cohenstein (a thorough business man)—"You shoost bet your sveet life I would, Rebecca, und glad of der chance."

Little Clarence—"The Emperor of Russia is the Czar. Isn't he, pa?"

Mr. Callipers—"Yes."

Little Clarence—"Then what's the matter with his children being Czardines?"

Professor—"Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work."

Margaret—"Well, papa, suppose you give pussy a chance; you're sitting on her."

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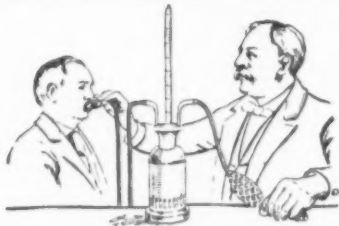
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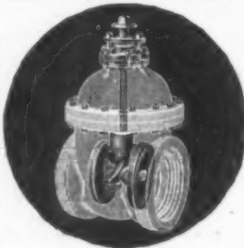


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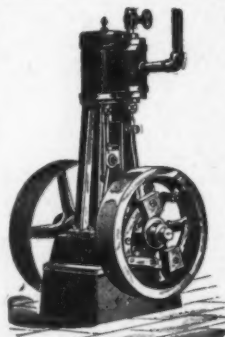
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